

THE ROUND TABLE.

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MAY IN MARCH.

THE breath of spring has thawed the heart of March,
And o'er the vale in misty banners floats;
A tender green is shimmering on the larch,
And one fond bird trills her deluded notes.

The frightened frost heaves up the miry road,
And the deep ruts smoke with its panting flight;
The tripled ox-team slowly drags its load,
And footmen plod their path in luckless plight.

The snowy gores that fleck the distant hills
Shrink from the eye like silvery sails close furled;
The rocky heights ring merry with the rills
That headlong down their furrowed fronts are hurled.

The swarded fields, chilled by their scarfs of snow,
Bare to the sun their tawny breasts with haste,
And the dull brown begins at once to glow,
By sunbeams glad and spring's soft breath embraced.

The maple troughs with nectared flood run o'er,
Their sweet largess the laughing children hail:
The housewife smiles to count her crystal store—
That richer grows with every brimming pail.

The polished steel of skate and sled grows brown
In damp disuse, while ice and snow retreat,
And rusted spade and hoe are taken down,
While March and May by some sweet mischance meet.

Yet shall the skate's keen edge the crystal curl,
That mails afresh the bosom of the lake;
And March his flags of snow again unfurl
Ere the stout spade the earth's dry clods shall break.

The venturesome bird will mourn its hasty wing,
Droop its bright crest and hush its lavish lay;
The larch grow chill and moan with every string,
And Winter's frown freeze fast the miry way.

For March and May must kiss and quickly part,
And May's sweet breath on his blue lips turn rime;
She cannot warm old Winter's icy heart,
Nor with one kiss of March make sweet spring time.

WILLIAM C. RICHARDS.

BENKINS, March 15.

A TALK ABOUT WOMEN AND FLOWERS.

II.

IN the adoption of specific flower names the descendants of Shem have shown similar aptitudes with their cousins of the family of Japhet. Thus, to take the flower which one would suppose of all others would the soonest attract admiration from its space-penetrating color and its almost equally penetrating and permanent odor, as well as from the frequency of its occurrence and the fertility and prolongation of its bloom—we mean the rose; the Hebrews applied it in their Susana, a form which the Spaniards still retain, though the Italians and ourselves prefer Susanna. Our mode of spelling it occasionally with a final aspirate is a cacography not

warranted by the Hebrew, nor sustained in our pronunciation. The Germans are more correct in their form, Susanne, which is also the French, though these last, in accordance with the Gallic habit of clipping, utter it as a dissyllable. Some of the lexicographers tell us that Susana meant in Hebrew our lily; but this seems to have arisen out of the story of the chaste personage in the Apocrypha, and to rest on the analogy between the water-loving tendencies of the plant and the nutatory or balneatory proclivities of the heroine which led to the slander of the two elders. When we recollect that Shushan was the "garden of roses" there is no difficulty in assigning the meaning of the derivative. We are bound to admit, however, that the Arab Susan is vernacularly a lily. The Italians have inflected the original into Susetta, and the French into Susette, which, judging from its frequency, is a favorite name among that people. We have shortened it into Susan, our chief form; and cut that down still further into Susie, and yet more into Sue, which has nothing but brevity to recommend it. German diminutives are Suseken and Suschen; the last giving rise to an equivocal with Süßchen, i. e., my sweetening, which the epigrammatists have not failed to turn to account. It is from these that we get our Sukey, which is simply detestable.

Our vernacular Rose also occurs as Rosa, a form which is shared with the Italian and Spanish, and is found, as well as Roza, among German names of the ninth century. Curiously enough, it survives among Roman names only as a masculine cognomen, but with a feminine diminutive, Rosula, which, perhaps, is the German Roszila in the eleventh century. The usual German diminutive is Röschen, softened into Rosine, which last we have Latinized into Rosina, unless these are rather referable with Hrodina, a German form in the ninth century, borrowed from the Roman Rhodine. The normal Roman form seems to have been Rhode, taken from the Greek and the German in the eighth century, which we retain as Rhoda, spelled as Hroda. Rhodanthion, i. e., rosebud, is another Roman feminine borrowed from the Greek, in which tongue women's names are frequently neuter in gender, in pursuance of the idea of their being only things. The Greek forms Rhodeia, Rhodia, we are inclined to remove from the flower category, and to assign them with the Roman Rodias to the class of patrials as denoting a Rhodian girl.

A frequent diminutive with us is Rosetta, which we get from the Italian. Rosalia and Rosalie, the last a French form, are considered by some as diminutives also, like the classic Roman Rosula; they are more likely to be variants from the Italian Rosalba, literally *white rose*, one of the numerous compounds of the radical. A rarer form, Rosanna, is sometimes classed as a compound, too; and we have even heard it treated as an English double name, viz., Rose Anne. But this is certainly not its only origin, for it was used among the Germans as far back as the eighth century. It is in the same century that we meet for the first time with a name fancied by poets, viz., Rosalind, under the form of Roslindis. The suffix is ambiguous; but the whole word most likely means fountain of roses; or, as is possible, the appellation may have been given to a distilleress of rose-water. Older than this is our Rosamond, familiar in a very touching episode of English history. The Spaniards have it as Rosamonda, which the Italians use also, but not so frequently as Rosamunda, like the German Rosamunde and our Rosamund. These latter forms are nearest to the original ones of Rosamunda, Rosimunda, Rosemund, which occur far back in the sixth century, and which signify literally *rosy-mouth*; analogous to the Greek Rhodogoune, i. e., *rosy-cheek* (which, per-

haps, is the original of the German Rhodogunda in the ninth century), and Rhodopis, i. e., *rosy-face*. The Romans inflected this last into Rhodope, and then by a mistranslation of suffix Latinized it into Rodocetta, i. e., *red-eyed*. A very euphonious German name of this period, Rosinda, seems to have died out after replacing the harsher Chrodesinda in the sixth century.

We have already spoken of the ambiguity of Susanna. There is the same in the Persian Gulnare, which, however, we rather ascribe to this class. The Greek equivalent was Leiris, or, as the Latins spelled it, Liris, and out of which came the Roman Liriope, i. e., *lily-brow*. This term was emphatically the white lily. Another Greek name, Krino, applied generically and related to form. The German is Lillie, shortened into Lili, as Goethe has it to avoid the trisyllable. Gielge, Ilge, and Ilgen are provincial forms. We are not sure whether Gillia, a German feminine in the eleventh century, should (or not) be attached here. So, likewise, it is doubtful if our Lillian or Lillian belongs with these. It seems to come naturally through Ilgen; but it may be like Gillian (also doubtful) from the Roman Juliana. The Romans had another possible original in Læliana. Our Lillias is also usually ascribed with Lily, but the decision is not incontrovertible. The Hebrews had long ago Lilis and Lilith, the apocryphal wife of Adam before Eve's days, whose name, according to some, means night or the moon (and Adam was certainly *moon-struck*), or finally an evil spirit, after the slanderous ascetic notion that women are the very devil. As a favorite Scots name we are not sure that Lillias may not be the Gaelic 'Liath-lus, i. e., our artemisia or mugwort (the German Mutterkraut), a flower sacred to Diana Artemis because of its reputed virtue in feminine pathology.

Let us leave now these stately flowers, and, passing on to complete the tricolor—red, white, and blue—with which we began, visit those lowly violet-beds whose fragrance chiefly betrays them. Our name Violet is a diminutive, like the Italian Violetta (which we also use), from the classic Roman Viola, itself arising (with what the etymologists term a digamma or F prefixed) from the Greek synonym Iole. In the same diminutive form the Germans use Veilchen, the only shape in which we have ever heard it employed. This is also the usual appellation of the plant; though another term, *viole*, is also used. The vernacular Greek for the plant is *ion*, which has given the woman's name Ione, and the compound fanthe, i. e., *literally violet-flower*. Several speculations have been indulged in as to the motive for the name. The most recondite leaves the flower aside, and supposes Ion, the legendary hero of Euripides and Talfourd, to have grown by an ingenious metonymy out of the double meaning of *ios*, as both the *poison* which his mother prepared for him and the *arrow* from which with filial devotion he strove to protect her. Others allege a legend of the flower having been chosen by the nymphs as a chaplet for the same hero. Others refer it to the metamorphosis of Io, the flower having been a mystic growth created by Jove, the eating of which restored her human form; and they offer in corroboration the (doubtful) Latin synonym of *vaccinium* and the possible crasis of *vitula* into *viola*. The most natural and probable derivative seems to be that of the anthologist, which applies equally in Greek and Latin, viz., as if *wayling*, i. e., the little flower, growing by the way-side. However this may be, there is no doubt that the Greek Ianassa is the *queen of violets*; or that Iocasta, the unhappy mother and wife, means *violet-decked*; or that Ioessa signifies *violet-robed* or *violet-scented*.

Such has been the influence, only partially exemplified, on women's names of the beautiful three. There are a dozen others—Daisy, Iris, Jessamine,

Narcissa, for instance—that have exercised a similar potency. On the other hand, there is a group not less numerous of flower-names derived from those of women. Both of these groups, if what has been said should not prove tedious or pedantic to the generality of readers, may be taken up hereafter.

COLLEGIATE LITERATURE.

THE students of Harvard College, unterrified by the numerous failures in the past, aspire once again to the honors of a literary periodical. This new adventure has been launched under the title of "The Collegian," and is really a very worthy effort to redeem a history of misfortunes. It is a handsome fortnightly paper, issuing from the tasteful press of John Wilson, one of the trio of famous Cambridge printers. The editors seem to understand what such an effort should be, and seek rather to present a pleasant mirror of student thought and student life than to lumber down a given number of pages with abstract platitudes on absurd themes. The general aspect of the entire paper is natural and cheery, such as must insure success provided the usual millstone of financial trouble is persistently avoided. We sincerely hope it may be, that a long and spicy life may befall "The Collegian," and that its motto, "*Dulce est periculum*," may become an unnecessary apology.

The history of college periodical literature has been very varied and very dispiriting. The memory of almost every college graduate supplies some little episode in this record of disaster. Class after class, in nearly every institution, has essayed something in the line of periodicals or magazines. Wrangles over editorship and mournings over finances have been innumerable. In fact, we do not recall a single instance where an attempt of this kind has proved successful. The greatest blunder and catastrophe of all was known as the "University Quarterly." This ponderous platitude went down in a cloud of debt and disappointed hopes. The most successful of all college magazines has doubtless been the "Yale Literary Magazine" (generally called the "Yale Lit."), which seems to be in a flourishing condition at the present time. The old "Harvard Magazine" was good of its kind, but was always in debt. Amherst College maintained a monthly for several years, but it was given up as too extravagant a luxury. Williams College has its "Quarterly," and in many of the institutions there are monthlies or quarterlies. Yale has a fortnightly called "The Courant," which is devoted more to local news than to literature. The usual result of these endeavors is to impose burdensome taxes upon individuals, and, in fact, there is hardly a class in any college but has suffered more or less from its experiences with publications. Misfortunes of this kind have been so notorious that college faculties have become opposed to them, and, indeed, there seems to be very little encouragement for any new adventures.

We can see no reason why a properly conducted magazine should not be sustained by nearly every college, especially by those that have alumni counting among the thousands. It cannot be done by loading a number of pages with dissertations and essays on abstract subjects. Students have enough of these in the classroom. And, of all the stupid reading matter that we know of, nothing is more juiceless than the inane efforts of collegians to solve metaphysical problems. Unhappily, these are the subjects which students are most prone to attack. Those of our readers who may have had the advantage of a collegiate education will recollect the class of articles which formed the material of their college periodical. The great men of the class invariably select great topics, and, as the small men are unable to comprehend the articles upon them, they pass current as effusions of ability.

We believe that students can sustain not only a good monthly, but even a fortnightly. Material they do not lack. Subjects are plenty if a little search is made for them. The difficulty is that the undergraduates have ambition to do some great thing, whereas if they would be content to write as they talk and think upon subjects that interest themselves and their fellows they would meet with better success. Those who deery college magazines we despise. The more of

them that can be sustained the better. And there is no reason why they should not be sustained if the editors will only exercise a little common sense in the selection of topics and the treatment of them. A good style is an excellent thing so far as it goes; but a good, pertinent, attractive subject is better.

REVIEWS.

STONEWALL JACKSON.*

IT would seem to nearly every mind that of all the characters of the war none could present finer material for the graphic pen of a historian than the very distinguished commander who fell at Chancellorsville now nearly three years ago. Whether Mr. Cooke has availed himself of the advantages presented by his subject will hereafter be shown. At a very early point in the volume, however, the reader becomes aware of a discursive and disconnected effort to carry along, at the same time with the details of the life of General Jackson, whatever of thrilling event or important history can possibly be interwoven. This probably arises from a fact already alluded to, that there has been so little of authentic record concerning the war, especially that which pertains to the part enacted by the late Confederate States, that the attempt to chronicle any one episode or character made prominent during the struggle tempts the writer to venture upon other, and even greater, fields of interest. Gen. Stonewall Jackson was of and in himself all sufficient to inspire every line of every chapter of these four hundred pages without a single digression to pay homage to the intrepid Ashby, the chivalrous Stuart, or other southern officers whom Mr. Cooke goes out of his way to sketch and honor.

However, this is a mere matter of taste with the author, and must not be unduly criticised without taking into account how much of unrecorded history arose at every point of the narrative, and which could not fail to be of the greatest value and interest. Hence we shall not dwell minutely upon the execution of the work. Mr. Cooke was known before the war as a successful Virginia lawyer and a somewhat popular author. While serving in various capacities in the southern armies he wrote many brilliant accounts of battles and sieges, which found their way alike into English and American journals. Since the war he has been engaged in writing for New York papers, and the book now before us is largely made up from these random contributions to daily and weekly journals. It is not unlikely that some readers will detect passages which they remember to have read elsewhere, and which appeared originally in some of our morning papers. Such is the case of the very interesting descriptions of the death of Ashby and the death of General Jackson. They are very graphic, however, and will well bear a second perusal.

We think it requires no sharp sense of prophecy to declare what of the names rendered conspicuous by our civil conflict are to endure and what to be forgotten. On the northern side we shall be very much surprised if the developments of time do not place upon the roll as one of the most distinguished as well as one of the most unsuccessful of all the commanders the name of General McClellan. First in honor, because greatest in what he accomplished, careful history will record the name of General Sherman close beside that of General Grant. General Sheridan and Admiral Farragut will alike inspire the admiration and gratitude of the people for their brilliant achievements. On the southern side we shall have first and greatest the name of General Lee. Next to him will shine the glorious daring and wonderful exploits of General Thomas Jackson, who will always be known by the sobriquet given to him at Manassas. The third name upon the southern list will be that of General Joseph Johnston, and beyond this we do not conceive that history will have many names to perpetuate. And if we shall prove mistaken with regard to some of these here mentioned, we feel sure that the name of Sherman on one side and of Jackson on the other will be among the last to be forgotten.

In narrating the early life of General Jackson, Mr.

Cooke confesses that he draws from the most scanty material. Jackson, the unsuccessful cadet at West Point; Lieutenant Jackson, the unmarked officer of a battery before Vera Cruz; and Professor Jackson, the awkward instructor at Lexington, furnish little or nothing to satisfy the pen of the biographer. In fact, we doubt if West Point has numbered among all its graduates a single man whose life has been so barren of incident as was that of Thomas Jackson up to the time when General Lee called him to Richmond to aid in the preliminary arrangements of the war. His only characteristic by which he was rendered notable was that of an intense devotion to religion. By this he was better known than by anything else among the students at Lexington. General Lee, however, had become acquainted with some of the elements in General Jackson's character which would tend to make him a successful military officer, and it was at his own request that General Jackson entered upon the active campaign which ended two years afterwards with the surrender of his life. Into these two years were crowded enough of gallant achievement and heroic adventure to make the immortal fame of at least a score of men.

Commencing in the Valley of the Shenandoah, rushing in at the critical point at the first battle of Manassas, and, by almost superhuman endeavors, turning a threatened rout into an unexpected victory, and there gaining his title of Stonewall, which was ever afterwards used to distinguish himself as well as the brigade which he commanded; vibrating back and forth between Harper's Ferry and Cedar Creek; crossing and recrossing the mountains, now to attack Banks and now to deceive Fremont; driven from Winchester and soon again welcomed back through the prowess of his arms; hearing the call of his general, who was looking from Richmond upon the one hundred thousand men which General McClellan had marshaled upon the fields of Henrico and New Kent, and posting across the country with marvelous rapidity until he, too, was ready to share in the terrible tragedies to be enacted upon the Chickahominy; thenceforward the thunder-cloud which poured out blood and slaughter all the way from New Kent to Malvern Hill and Cold Harbor; again sounding his war call on the plains of Manassas, to the dismay of pompous Pope; and, finally, sweeping around from Fredericksburg to Chancellorsville with unprecedented rapidity, and pouncing down upon the national forces at an unexpected moment, bringing terrible slaughter to both sides and a death-wound to himself. In these brief years of incessant campaigning he was the leading actor in a wondrous tragedy, the details of which are as yet but partially recorded. Twice during his experience was he unpopular with the southern people, and once so bitter were the charges against him that he gave up his commission in disgust. But all that had been heard against him was afterwards completely overwhelmed in the universal praise bestowed upon him by the people and the army. Very many times he fell out by the way with fellow-officers, and once or twice with those who were his seniors. For a long time Ashby looked upon him as his personal enemy, and Stuart did not always feel kindly disposed towards him. And so we find at the outset that his soldier-life was not all a pleasant triumph. He was in constant trouble, and always anxious to do more than his superiors had planned. It chafed him exceedingly that he was not permitted to advance upon Washington from the first Manassas, or upon Pennsylvania from Winchester. His life was a tempest of great desire and heroic endeavors.

The general impression received from the perusal of this biography may be that its subject was not many removes from a species of insanity. He seems to have entered upon the cause through sheer love of war. There is not the slightest intimation anywhere in the volume that any desire to aid the southern movement inspired him to accept General Lee's offer of a generalship. Not that he may not have been so inspired, but there is no suggestion of it on the part of the biographer. From the first sound of conflict at Bull Run he seemed to enjoy the struggle, and was never so happy as when standing exposed in the heat of a battle. But he was always thirsting for something greater, and died believing that he might have accom-

* "Stonewall Jackson: A Military Biography." By John Esten Cooke, formerly of Gen. Stuart's staff. D. Appleton & Co. Pp. 469.

plished vastly more if he could have invaded the "enemy's country." He was brave beyond all common interpretations of bravery, and was reckless up to the fullest point of the common conception of recklessness. It is a wonder that he lived unharmed so long as he did. The biographer often speaks of his strange gesticulations and not infrequent mental abstractions during times of great peril and great excitement. He is represented as having been "beside himself" upon his re-entry of Winchester; and, upon arriving at the scene of impending conflict on the Chickahominy, he sat his horse like a marble statue, apparently unmindful of all that was about to transpire. To the reader there seems to be something unnatural in all this; but our own opinion in the matter is, that his intense religious devotion has led many to think him insane. We know that he never entered upon a struggle without imploring help from above, and it was his custom to render thanks to God for all that was accomplished. His very bravery and recklessness were the fruit of an immovable faith in the Eternal One, in whose name he claimed all victories and to whom he most willingly surrendered his spirit. He was the Havelock of the war—a brave, good man, who loved the excitement but not the carnage of conflict.

As a military leader, General Jackson was very willing to take responsibilities—in fact, it was sometimes thought that he was too presuming in this regard. In times of peril he was impatient of anything like circumlocution or delay, but was eager to rush forward, and, by some unexpected flank movement, take the opposing forces at a disadvantage. This he sometimes did without awaiting the slow process of orders and plans, and thus was at times blamed by other commanders. He was not satisfied with a single success, but desired to rush forward until he should have inflicted lasting injury upon a command. He gave little time to maps and charts, but was quick to plan his movements and most secret in their execution. His troops seldom knew anything of his plans, and at times his staff officers were uninformed concerning his destination. This was the case on the occasion of the sudden transfer of the army of the Shenandoah to the works in front of Richmond, and also at the time of the great flank movement upon Chancellorsville. Probably the two characteristics by which General Jackson will be most remembered will be his extreme reticence and his astonishing celerity of action. He was always "surprising" somebody, especially General Banks. General Lee never lost his confidence in him for an hour, and felt the loss to be irreparable when he fell at Chancellorsville.

With all his severity and exacting requirements of his men, General Jackson was still greatly beloved by them all. This was shown pre-eminently by the fact that the officers did not dare to let the troops know that he was wounded. It was also shown after his death by the war cry of "Remember Jackson," which seemed to inspire to greater effort. We believe that General Jackson was as popular with his men as was General McClellan with his troops. Especially did the old "Stonewall Brigade" remember their first commander with great affection, an affection which was fully reciprocated on his part. Just before his death he said, "The day will come when it will be a matter of pride to have belonged to the old Stonewall Brigade." The great hold which Jackson had upon the hearts of the people was also attested by the universal sadness which prevailed at his death. The entire South was in mourning. The people seemed to feel that they had lost their pillar of safety. If any had complained of him they saw then how unworthy had been their fault-finding. For there was none to fill the gap, none to dash upon the federals with such fearless impetuosity. The South could now see how great a man it had lost, and its grief was inconsolable.

General Jackson died a Christian death, sweetly smiling, and exclaiming, "It is all right." During all his suffering he would never utter any syllable of complaint, but seemed to be living over again his bloody encounters. Friends passed in and out, and he had a kind word for all. He uttered no bitterness toward the North and said little or nothing of the southern cause. His thoughts were on the field. He was not a politician—not a man for great civil works

—but the impetuous, unflinching Christian soldier. Such he lived and such he died. He did not see the contest half to its ending. He did not take part in its bloodiest battles. But he was the hero of the first two years of the war, and, as such, his fame will not readily pass away.

LIBRARY TABLE.

"The Story of Kennett." By Bayard Taylor. G. P. Putnam: Hurd & Houghton, New York. 1866. Pp. 418.

MR. TAYLOR's new story belongs to that school of modern novels which aims at simple, unstrained, matter-of-fact narration of actual or every-day life. Such works grow out of the more impassioned, romantic, and psychological school, as a sort of protest by practical example—just as, also, for one example of a hundred, Henry Taylor's "Philip Van Artevelde" grew up against the heated and unhistoric poetry of Shelley and Byron. All these novels, however, while inestimably superior to such as are merely unnatural, extravagant, and bizarre, are liable to an easily-besetting sin of their own—that of being too prosaic and unimaginative. In the anxiety to escape becoming falsely sentimental and "sensational," they are apt to be over-tame. Mr. Taylor's book partakes in the excellences of its class in romantic literature, but we are bound to say that it also shares its faults. It is singularly straightforward, unpretentious, and impersonal in style. The tale is simply and not uneffectively told. It is pitched in a noticeably low key. But it leans towards the error of lack of incident (not, perhaps, of interest) and towards that monotony which usually follows the diffuse explication of unimportant truth in place of more entertaining, if less common, fiction.

This is the "Story of Kennett"—a record of place rather than of persons; for Kennett is a township of Pennsylvania which contains the birthplace and the present country residence of the cosmopolitan poet, novelist, traveler, who now introduces us to its legends. The object of the book is obviously to depict the former country life of that region. The time is the end of the last century. It must not be imagined that Mr. Taylor gives anything like a general historic picture. On the contrary, perhaps few similar novels of importance were ever written which reflected so little of the political, religious, and social aspect of the past epochs they describe. This is so emphatically the "Story of Kennett" that we get no glimpse of the outside world or the public thought of those remarkable days in our national history. There is a marked contrast in this respect between Mr. Taylor's book and Mrs. Stowe's "Minister's Wooing." Whether the picture of Kennett is accurate, must be reserved for local antiquarians—with "the oldest inhabitant" at their head to decide. It is a question hardly interesting enough for others to investigate. We should judge, however, that some of the modern Pennsylvanians might come very directly from the stock here described. Some of the village peculiarities—the general apathy to public affairs, the devotion to selfish and private ends, the terror of robbers, the ignorance of what was going on in the world outside—would certainly befit the more southerly region where Early's horsemen made their unresisted raids. So far as the volume is designed to awaken general interest in the section of the country it describes, it is hardly a success.

Speaking broadly, the village characters drawn by our author are generally of an unpleasing type. Their method of life is not at all attractive. There seems to be no idea, no sentiment, no ambition animating the greater part of them, above the petty strifes and efforts to overreach each other which are still common to obscure settlements. More than half of the scenes in the book are entirely occupied with the efforts of the leading characters to circumvent each other, and to drive sharp bargains. The dialogue of the book is chiefly directed to this end. And though we own to not finding the conversational finery quite so adroit and keen as the author imagines it, yet we get more tired than he of the many colloquies of the disagreeable old personages. It is specially noticeable that the hero and heroine, and

all the leading characters, indeed, good as well as bad, are forced to do their share of sharp deception, and to equivocate through the volume.

The difficulties arising from the selection of tame and commonplace material beset our novelist quite as much in incident as in characterization. The fox-chase, with which the book rather spiritedly opens, seems to be at least faithfully drawn, as well as tersely and picturesquely, though with little professional zest. But it really is not a brilliant affair in itself, and the mean and sycophantic character of nearly all the hunters is the point first suggested. One instantly contrasts the hunt with the English prototype. Some of the village customs, like the husking frolic and the house-raising, though not new in literature, are interesting and well drawn. There are a few welcome novelties in dialect; but the verbal peculiarities of that region are mainly vulgar corruptions of common words, and, accordingly, have neither raciness nor originality to recommend them. But, while appreciating so little the scene of life and style of characters which Mr. Taylor has chosen, we enjoy to the full his beautiful descriptions of the local natural scenery, scattered like gems through the book. Every tree, rock, mountain, glen, meets a poet's eye, and is touched with a fervor and accuracy worthy of all praise. The Kennett in which Mr. Taylor lives to-day has, at all events, our suffrages for its attractiveness and beauty.

The interest in this book hangs around the leading characters—old Dr. Deane and his daughter, old Barton and his son, Mary Potter and her son Gilbert, Sandy Flash and his Deb. Smith, and Betsy Lavender. Mark Deane and Sally Fairthorn, also, who are the second pair of lovers, awaken some interest, Mark being an honest, faithful, substantial young fellow, and Sally a good-natured, simple, and heedless girl, whose chief trait, being the facility with which she tumbles over everything within reach, does not add greatly to the reader's respect. The other characters seem only to have been introduced because the originals once existed in Kennett, or elsewhere fell under the author's observation. They instantly fade from memory on closing the book. The Fairthorn family, Giles, and many others come under this head. The pranks and practical jokes of Joe and Jake Fairthorn are designed, probably, to constitute the department of humor in the book. They seem, however, not only very flat, trivial, and puerile in themselves, but entirely too frequent and unseasonable. One of them spoils the very good scene at the husking frolic, and they could all be cut out without detriment. Look, for example, at the stupid trick of Jake's feigning to fall dead from the cherry-tree, to the terror of Miss Betsy.

Betsy Lavender is a sort of spinster Mrs. Poyser, who says some amusing things in a quaint dialect and phraseology. She is not, of course, so keen as the remarkable character in "Adam Bede," but is a good-natured and kindly village gossip, who knows everything and everybody and proves of constant service to the hero and heroine in their difficulties. Herself and Sally Fairthorn are the two chief *confidantes* of Miss Martha Deane, the heroine. Of Sally it is said that, in her limited education, she had "ciphered as far as compound interest, read Murray's 'Sequel' and Goldsmith's 'Rome.'" Whether Martha had ciphered beyond her friend does not appear. But her chief *confidante*, Miss Betsy, seems to have at least fallen short of the "Sequel." She tells the hero, Gilbert Potter, "Tain't agreeable for a lady to allow they're flummuxed; but if I ain't this time I'm mighty near onto it." Of a proposed marriage of the young heroine to Barton, who is double her age, she tells the latter, "Tisn't good to hitch a colt-horse and an old spavined critter in one team." She remarks that a certain idea struck her "like a streak o' lightning"; I screeched and tumbled like a shot hawk." Nevertheless, in spite of the confusing idea which some of her language conveys with respect to her intimacy with Martha, she is of great service to the young lovers. Old Barton, Alfred Barton, and Dr. Deane are well-drawn and definite. To be sure, they are all equally unpleasant personages, and vary between the detestable and the simply disagreeable, according to the degree of cunning, avarice, cowardice, selfishness, or hypocrisy which each possesses. The grasping o

the feeble old man and the swagger and weakness of his son are well enforced. Dr. Deane, with his "faint odor of bergamot or sweet marjoram" in his spotless costume, and his half-sincere, half-hypocritical prate of "the Light" and "the Spirit," is skillfully painted. For Mary Potter we feel the pity which patient endurance of injury inspires, with some justifiable annoyance and impatience at her possessing the key of the plot throughout and revealing it only at the close. Gilbert Potter and Martha Deane are, of course, the main figures of the story. They can hardly be pronounced distinctively original characters. Yet the reader gets an impression of strength, courage, manliness, devotion on the part of the one, and womanly spirit, dignity, and perfect trust in the other. Some points of character, however, which Mr. Taylor alleges of these and other characters he does not prove in the sequel. For example, he speaks of his heroine's "girlish grace and gayety," under which a serious, reflective character was concealed. In the book, however, the concealment seems to have been the other way, and to have been quite effectual, too, for we see all the womanly seriousness and no youthful frivolity. Nevertheless, the character will please all readers, who will readily concede, as Mr. Taylor with no great novelty declares, "that it might have been truly said of Martha Deane that she touched nothing which she did not adorn." Gilbert, with Martha and Mark Deane, form a pleasant contrast to the other leading characters in the novel.

Perhaps the most remarkable portraiture, however, are those of Sandy Flash, the bold highwayman, and Deb. Smith, his wretched consort or wife. For these sketches our praise can be unreserved. Their well-told adventures contribute chiefly to the vivacity and vigor of the book, and relieve it of much possible tameness. The growth of love between the hero and heroine is also tenderly drawn. The early descriptions of both these personages (as with nearly all in the book) so mix up material and immaterial qualities, costume, physique, and traits of character, afterwards to be set forth, as to become a little confusing. But the simple, fervent nature of their love is told with befitting words in their early meetings, in the scene of betrothal, and in descriptions of subsequent stolen interviews. The scene between Martha and Barton, when the latter offers his hand, is one of the best in the book.

The main plot of the story of Kennett, simple though it be, is singular enough. It consists of a series of efforts by sundry fictitious parties to establish the legitimacy of the hero. This is certainly a queer undertaking—an unpleasant necessity, at least, for the hero, the hero's mother, and his betrothed. It becomes worse than "Japhet in Search of a Father." First, for ten years, Gilbert Potter bears about broodingly in the village the reputation of being base-born. His mother does not, to the reader's great annoyance, discover this popular reputation until Gilbert, who has fallen in love with Martha, is determined to find out the facts. He breaks the matter to her, who groans, "Ten years, and you believed it all that time!" and then adds, with startling vehemence, "A lie—a lie! You are my lawful son, born in wedlock." So ends the first stage in the problem; and satisfactorily. "He had a father." Now, who was that father? This natural query the mother declines, for reasons of her own, to answer. As a fact, she was bound by oath not to reveal. Accordingly, Gilbert makes many speculations about his parentage, which torture him through the volume. The second stage of the plot finds him suspecting Dr. Deane of being his father! This for many days naturally distresses him, because it would not only make his betrothed (for Martha Deane and he are now secretly engaged) his own half-sister, but would obviously transfer the stain of illegitimacy to her. He investigates ingeniously, and we have the satisfaction, at last, of finding that question happily settled. A third hint comes that the long-missing parent may have been Dr. Deane's brother. The fourth applicant for the honor is Sandy Flash, the footpad. This last supposition becomes very strong through many pages. Just before the end of the volume, however, Sandy is caught and hanged for his little eccentricities, and his failures to mark the dis-

inction between *meum* and *tuum*. Gilbert visits him in prison:

"Sandy!" Gilbert cried desperately, "answer this one question—don't go out of the world with a false word in your mouth! You are not my father?"

"The highwayman looked at him a moment, in blank amazement. 'No, so help me God!' he then said.

"Gilbert's face brightened so suddenly and vividly that Sandy muttered to himself: 'I never thought I was that bad.'"

By this time the reader is thoroughly aroused to know who Gilbert's father was, for it must be admitted that he *had* a father. Old Barton? No; he is *too* old. We cast about among the possible candidates with no hope for discovery by inherited traits, but merely to see what probability the ages will allow. At last old Barton dies in off-hand style, and his obsequies are conducted by Mr. Taylor in a style much more off-hand. The funeral is selected for the *dénouement*. On such occasions, of course, a family fight is always in order, the solemnity over "the departed" being hurried along for the squabble for precedence in the procession and the anxiety for the disclosures of the will. Mrs. Potter seizes this occasion, when "the family" is called for attendance at the grave, to take the arm of Alfred Barton, her husband. Of course the dead man is forgotten, and there is great buzz, gossip, and scandal over this event all the rest of the day. In effect, Alfred Barton had solemnly sworn his legal but surreptitiously-married wife to secrecy until the death of his father, for fear of losing his share in the inheritance. Meanwhile, old Barton and old Dr. Deane, two "old screws," had been urging all the way through the story a run-away marriage between Alfred Barton (aged 50) and Martha Deane! The revelation of Gilbert's parentage is rather unsatisfactory to the reader, who cannot divest himself of his contempt for that compound of swagger, brutality, meanness, cowardice, cunning, and greed represented by Alfred Barton. The latter's dealings with Martha do not help the matter, and we are not reassured by being told that the shoulders are the only points of physical resemblance between father and son. Besides, how are Alfred and Gilbert's mother going to get along? The former begs her "not to go to the courts for a divorce," and she says that she will not. It is still a perplexing affair, however, and the best way to get out of it is to marry Gilbert and Martha forthwith. That is done; and it may interest ladies to know that the latter's "dress of heavy pearl-gray satin was looped up over a petticoat of white dimity, and she wore a short cloak of white crape. Her hat, of the latest style, was adorned with a bunch of roses and a white drooping feather. In the saddle she was charming." It is hardly necessary to add that, in due course of poetical justice, old Barton had been informed of his son's tricks, had altered his will to suit the case of Mrs. Potter-Barton and her son Gilbert, moved thereto, of course, by the faithful Betsy Lavender.

This volume is certainly, at all events, a thoroughly American novel, and as such we can commend it to the perusal of the readers of novel literature. Though it be divested of much that might be romantic, yet its simplicity and accuracy may furnish equivalent pleasure.

"Life of Robert Owen." Ashmead & Evans, Philadelphia. 1866. Pp. 264.

The title of this book is a misnomer; it should read "A Review of the Life of Robert Owen." The reader is introduced to Mr. Owen and instructed to note his career, while at each shifting of the scenes the author steps forward and pronounces his own opinion on the change. This proceeding commences with Owen's boyhood and is continued step by step throughout the biography and even after the subject is surrendered to the grave. As a social reformer Robert Owen obtained a wide notoriety during his lifetime, but it is a singular commentary upon the value of his theories that, though he has been dead but a little over seven years, his name is never mentioned among those of acknowledged philanthropists. Like John Howard, he aspired to improve the condition of the lower classes of society; but the world never thinks of coupling him with that good man. The principle upon which Mr. Owen built his theory for improving mankind was that man is the creature of circumstances, and hence the true way to improve men was to improve the circumstances around them. Inasmuch as he rejected all known

systems of religion, he could not well avoid holding the views that he did. Had he acknowledged the evil in man, he would have had to own that direct action upon man was needed to eradicate it. But he attributed the evil in the world to circumstances, and hence directed his energies to purify them. It is a curious fact, and worthy of note in this connection, that no system of reform has ever achieved any success which did not acknowledge, in greater or less degree, the tendency to evil in those upon whom it proposed to operate, and no scheme for improving the condition of any class of persons has accomplished anything that ignored the innate depravity of the race. Robert Owen, however, discarded all this and fought a brilliant fight in behalf of his theories. He established "communities" upon the principles he advocated, one of which was really a success, and lost over two hundred thousand dollars in establishing others; yet, despite his failures, he adhered as tenaciously to his notions when he was eighty years of age as when, a young man, he assumed the charge of New Lanark Mills. Nothing seemed to discourage him. Failure only strengthened his convictions. Within a few days of his death, when he was too weak to sit up, he suggested some plan for the regeneration of Newtown and desired to confer with the authorities about it. There was certainly an element of heroism in this.

We are much pleased with the book before us. It is well written, and its points are well taken, though here and there a disposition is manifested to take advantage of its antagonist, the said antagonist being a dead man. But we are glad that some one has had the courage to step forward and enter the list in behalf of the Christian religion. Robert Owen was emphatically a good man, by which we mean to say that he was honest, prudent, generous, sympathetic, and benevolent. But he was an open enemy to Christianity. He attacked it at every turn, and, when hard pushed, fell back upon his own life, which all acknowledged to be blameless in its relations to his fellow-men. Holding that religion was a deception, he tried to expose it by showing what could be accomplished without it. He was ever ready to assail its adherents, but looked for no response from them. Now one has responded in this book. He speaks of Mr. Owen in the kindest terms, gives all credit for his good qualities, but combats his theories, and few there are who will not indorse these words of the author: "Mr. Owen was ambitious, and his ambition prompted him to seek what he regarded as the good of his fellow-men. No dishonorable action is recorded of him, and his private life was free from reproach. Yet, however ample the folds of our charity, a candid review of his career, upon his own showing, leaves no room to doubt that 'a deceived heart turned him aside,' and that his endowments and rare opportunities of usefulness were made unavailable for any great or permanent results by reason of the obliquity of his moral vision."

LITERARIANA.

AMERICAN.

THE semi-annual holocaust of the book trade is at hand. We have before us the "Catalogue of the Regular New York Trade Sale of Books, Stereotype Plates, and Stationery," to commence in this city on Tuesday, the third of April, 1866—forming an imposing octavo volume of three hundred and seventy-three pages, and containing invoices of over one hundred different American and English publishing firms. Taking this catalogue as text and illustration, we propose to make a few remarks upon the manner in which these sales are and have been in past years conducted.

This "Regular Trade Sale," we may premise, is (nominally, at least) under the supervision and management of the New York Book Publishers' Association, organized some years ago, and their trade sale committee have framed and promulgated a series of regulations by which they and others are supposed to be governed at the trade sales. The seven firms represented in the committee may certainly be considered the representatives of the New York book trade, and the sanction of their names, if it really be anything more than nominal, would furnish an unimpeachable guarantee for the character and proper conduct of the sales transacted under their authority. The rules, also, which they have laid down for the guid-

ance of their brethren in the trade are excellent if strictly complied with. But are they strictly complied with? Let us see. We will take up the "Regulations" (see page 3, cover of catalogue) which govern the trade sales, *seriatim et literatim*, and see how the practice agrees with the theory. The first one, blazoned in full capitals, is as follows:

"Contributors agree to contribute to no trade sales in New York except those authorized by the committee."

This regulation is somewhat clumsily expressed and as clumsily broken. For example, the house of Bangs, Merwin & Co. made sales to the trade, last November, on credit, and as is customary with the book trade. Among the contributions to that sale were invoices which really, if not nominally, belonged to some of the committee, if not to the auctioneer of the New York Trade Sale Committee. An evasion of the rule can be easily managed at any time by entering an invoice under a fictitious name, and no questions asked.

"2. The catalogue shall be arranged by the auctioneers, with the advice of the committee, for the general benefit of the whole sale."

This is all very well as far as it goes. Practically, however, the catalogue is arranged solely by the auctioneer; and, if the committee advise with him at all, it must be for their own benefit. One can hardly avoid thinking, from a glance at the catalogue, that they occupy some of the best places. For example, see pages 1, 116, 147, and 158 of the present catalogue, being the invoices of the only four out of the seven committee-men who have thought it worth their while to contribute to the sale. And any old *habitué* of the trade sales will have noticed that committee-men's invoices are never put up on Saturday nights.

"3. The quantity of books invoiced in the catalogue to be sold without reserve. Any alterations in the catalogue to be notified to the auctioneers at least one week before the sale."

The books, indeed, may be sold without reserve, but it not unfrequently happens that the buyer never gets them, if they chance to be sold much below their value; all which is clearly in contravention of regulation No. 9, which says: "Contributors will be bound to deliver to the auctioneers all goods sold, and the auctioneers to deliver the same to purchasers, in accordance with the conditions of sale."

"4. Each line of the catalogue to include a sufficient number of books to amount, at the retail price, to at least twenty-five dollars, excepting *only* lines of duplicates in different bindings, and also books of which the trade price is one dollar, or less—such lines shall contain at least twenty-five copies of each book."

An examination of the present catalogue will exhibit many exceptions to this rule; and, in some cases, almost the entire invoice is open to the same criticism. For instance (judging the law-makers first, by the laws of their own making), we find that of the committee, D. Appleton & Co.'s invoice, occupying seventeen pages, contains thirty-five breaches of this rule; and Sheldon & Co.'s, occupying nine pages, has twenty breaches. Then, taking them at random, we find ninety-seven violations in Ticknor & Fields's invoice; twenty-three in the eight pages devoted to Little & Brown; twenty-two in J. Miller's three and a quarter pages; while nearly every line of J. Bradburn's invoice is at fault. To this, however, there are several honorable exceptions, especially among the invoices of foreign houses, who evidently entertain the old-fashioned idea that a rule is something to be adhered to. Consequently, in Henry G. Bohn's list, filling over forty pages of this catalogue, we find only six violations of the rule. The same straightforward compliance with a clearly-expressed regulation is also made by A. Strahan & Co., Thos. Nelson & Son, and others of the English trade. Strange it is that they should understand the rule better than the committee who made it. Invoices A. B. B. D. G., etc., do not pretend to keep the rule. It is, of course, understood that they are made up of odds and ends; but, if understood to be outside of the regulation, why is not the understanding as clearly expressed as the rule itself?

"5. No less quantity to be sold in one lot (except in case of balances) than is sufficient to amount, at the retail price, to five dollars, excepting for books of which the retail price is seventy-five cents or less, of which the smallest lot should amount to three dollars."

This regulation is, practically, broken about as often as the former. Sometimes, after a long list has been called off, in which the rule has been totally disregarded, the book-keeper has been directed by the auctioneer to increase the quantity to the required number. Whether, in all cases, he has done it is, of course, beyond our knowledge. It is probable, however, that he obeys these orders.

"6. All books offered in the catalogue to be in the hands of the auctioneers before the sale commences."

An excellent regulation, but never enforced. And this evidently results, not from any want of proper accommodation on the part of the auctioneers (whose premises are sufficiently adequate for all the requirements of their

business), so much as from the dilatoriness and want of attention on the part of the so-called committee. Indeed, as often happens in such cases, the committee themselves are among the very last to comply with this regulation. If, according to its spirit and letter, all books invoiced were delivered before the commencement of the sale, buyers would be enabled to get their purchases within a reasonable time thereafter. So far, however, from this being the case, books are sold in many instances which are not published at the time of sale, nor for several weeks afterwards. It used to be a well-known saying among the trade, concerning the trade sale invoices of a certain prominent publisher, that "the man is yet wearing the shirt whence the rags will come of which the paper will be made that —'s books will be printed upon."

"7. After the wants of the bidder (who is the only purchaser) have been supplied, the books may be again put up for competition. When balances are sold at a lower price, the lots will be doubled; the third time quadrupled; and so on, until all are sold."

The letter of this regulation is complied with; but it happens frequently that the crier of the sale is one of those peripatetic auctioneers who render their services at the trade sale gratis, on the implied consideration of having a part of any great bargain which a buyer may happen to get. This is, certainly, not to the interest of the seller, as it is a temporarily implied contract between the crier, who is a buyer, and another buyer not to bid against each other—the lot to be divided between them. This is a very great abuse, and, as will be remembered by those present at the last trade sale, received pretty thorough ventilation by a Boston publisher.

Regulations 8 and 10 to 15, inclusive, relating to the details of sales, are permanent in their character, and are probably adhered to. The latter, binding the auctioneers of these sales to hold no trade sale in New York "except those under the direction of the committee," seems to be part and parcel with Regulation No. 1, and should properly have been incorporated with it.

Finally and sixteenthly:

"16. The sales to be under the general direction of the New York Trade Sale Committee, who shall determine whether invoices offered are in accordance with the rules of the sale, and whose decision, as to any question which may arise as to the intent of any regulation of the sale, shall be final."

If our previous allegations be correct, and we hardly think they will be gainsayed by those most familiar with the *modus operandi* of the trade sales, as for some years past and at present conducted, then the committee have sadly overlooked the functions assigned to them by this last regulation. In days past the rules which they established for the trade sales have been used as a sort of sliding scale, apparently to suit a few firm believers in the truth of the old adage, that "it's a poor rule that will not work both ways." The rules have been variously interpreted according to the whims, the convenience, or the cupidity of these few, and we have heard of no rulings from the committee, "whose decision, as to any question which may arise as to the intent of any regulation of the sale, shall be final." In short, this committee, who meet surely not semi-annually but possibly semi-occasionally, seem to take little or no cognizance of the business done under their names. Three of the seven have not even contributed to the present sale. It is but reasonable that men of their standing should give their personal attention to the practical operation of those enterprises to which they lend their names and influence.

On the second page of the cover of this catalogue we find the following "special" notice:

"The trade will notice that the plan of conducting this sale differs from that of former sales. There will be no duplicates. The publishers, to make an attractive sale, have contributed very large quantities of their leading books. All printed in the catalogue will be sold without reserve, but no duplicates will be offered."

And again, at the head of the first page:

"No books will be sold beyond the quantities printed in the catalogue."

We are delighted to hear this. When, ten years ago, some of the leading book firms of this city, ostensibly displeased with the duplicate system as well as with certain "Peter Funk-isms" then prevalent in the trade sales, established the present so-called "Regular" New York Trade Sale, this *no-duplicate system* was understood to be the distinctive feature of the new régime. Possibly it was observed at one or two of the association's earlier sales, but it has been practically evaded and ignored in every sale since. It is pleasant and amusing to witness this return to first principles, and the revival of old rules for many years overlooked and forgotten. If the association is in earnest about this, it is certainly a step in the right direction. Rules worthy of being kept at all are worthy of being kept well and truly. If unworthy of continuance, or found to be impracticable, let them be repealed openly, not by evasion; and if exceptions are to be made, let them be stated as clearly as the rules. In short, conducting a large sale of books and publishing

materials in a fair and open way and in strict accordance with clearly defined regulations, is one thing; but conducting such a sale in utter disregard of such regulations, and shifting from one interpretation of said rules to another, at the convenience of auctioneer or seller, is quite another thing. It is simply as disgraceful to those who practice it as it is damaging to those whose names sanction the proceeding, and who therefore suffer by implication as approving it.

We may be permitted to observe, in closing our remarks, that the statement in the above-quoted "special" notice of this sale, to the effect that "the publishers have contributed very large quantities of their leading books," is by no means substantiated by the catalogue. A novice would see the discrepancy between the promise and the fulfillment. In fact, the coming trade sale will not be a large one, nor have the firms therein represented contributed heavily of their best stock. Many of our largest houses are not represented at all—and why should they be? With their own agencies and circulars and advertisements penetrating every corner of the land, with a reputation that will sell any book to which they may put their imprint, and with such an influx of orders pressing upon them as keeps every available press at work night and day, and even in some cases has compelled them to send their books to England to be printed, what object is there in sending an invoice of a few hundreds or thousands of volumes to the trade sales?

When business is dull, or more particularly when the shelves are overloaded with a rather heavy line of books, the publisher sometimes finds the trade sales a convenience, inasmuch as he can work off a portion of his surplus stock among the trade without such sacrifice of dignity as would be involved in a public reduction of his prices. But to the first-class publisher of first-class books the trade sale is little more than a semi-annual nuisance, to which he contributes, if at all, mainly from force of custom. With such feelings, what wonder is it that his invoice is meager and the quantities offered so small as scarcely to be appetizing to the purchasers assembled? It is a poor feast where there is not enough to go around. It cannot fail to be disappointing to the country jobber, who finds it more convenient to establish a single credit with the trade sale auctioneer than several credits with as many different publishers, and who, after sitting wearily through the week of the sale, goes home with the reflection that it's like making "two bites at a cherry."

Why do publishers allow themselves thus to be subjected to the thralldom of an institution which is, at best, but a doubtful convenience, and which, as at present conducted, benefits the pockets only of the auctioneers? With unrivaled means of communication and of transmission at their disposal, publishers surely can afford to deal directly with the trade throughout the country on as good, if not better, terms as through any trade sale arrangement.

THE last number of the London "Bookseller" contains a long letter to the editor from Mr. Alexander Strahan, of the firm of Strahan & Co., headed, "The Story of Certain Books Shipped to America from the Strand." We touched upon this subject some weeks since in commenting on the article in "Harper's Magazine," "No More American Books," but we were not aware that Messrs. Strahan & Co.'s stock had been confiscated; we believe it had not then, but was merely delayed in the custom-house—which, of itself, is so common an occurrence that nobody here, except the unfortunate importer, gives it a moment's thought. The story of the books which Messrs. Strahan & Co. shipped is too long to be gone into in our columns; the substance of it, however, is that the custom-house authorities seem to have got it into their wise heads that Strahan & Co. were a set of English or Scotch swindlers who were directly trying to "do" the United States by fraudulent invoices, and indirectly trying to garrote our dear American literature by supplying the American people with English books at cheap rates. They confiscated, after long delays, stock which was manufactured in England for £374 8s. 2d., but offered to release it for £800, then for £600, and finally they sold it to Messrs. Strahan & Co.'s agent—that is, sold Strahan & Co. their own goods—for what they could be manufactured for in America, viz., £492 1s. 9d. Such, in brief, is the history of the shipment in question so far as the New York custom-house is concerned. Mr. Strahan, however, has a second grievance, which includes certain New York publishers who sat as a jury upon his stock, and declared that it was not manufactured for the price he claimed. They were Mr. George S. Appleton, Mr. Charles Welford, Mr. John Wiley, Mr. Ebb, and Mr. D. Van Nostrand. These gentlemen—some of them, at least—ought to know something of the cost of books in England, yet they declared that a book which Messrs. Strahan & Co. sold at retail for

eighteenpence really cost one shilling and ninepence instead of the sixpence at which it was invoiced! Of the competency of these judges, who were at once both judge and jury, there can, we think, be no doubt. Nor of their love of fair play. And certainly none of their preference for American over English books.

"The American publishing trade," says Mr. Strahan, in conclusion, "has done me a great injustice in this business, and I appeal confidently to them to put me right. Just now, I have neither the means nor the opportunity to fight a long legal contest in America, but their influence can doubtless undo what it has done. Let me remind them that when my goods were locked up in the New York custom-house, one New York firm announced two of my books (four volumes) as being in preparation by them; another firm announced one, another firm two, a Boston firm two, while one Boston journal appropriated the leading story of one magazine, and another Boston journal set about reprinting the whole contents, piecemeal, of a second magazine. Good gentlemen all, I have never complained of a book or magazine of mine being reprinted, and shall never do so—the law being as it is. But I am hurt at the filching away of my reputation, and shall be very grateful to any of the American trade who may take the necessary steps to get back the money. Not for the money's sake, but to cancel that of which it is the sign! I don't want the money; at all events, I can do without it, and shall be quite willing to let it go to the Freedmen's Commission. But I cannot rest until it is got back from those who have it now. And if Messrs. Harper and Messrs. Appleton would only take the initiative in sponging out the memory of this wrong, they would do a graceful thing to one who can appreciate a right act, even when it comes late."

MR. GEORGE H. BOKER, of Philadelphia, has had the honor of having a statuette made from one of his poems, by Mr. Samuel Conkey, a young sculptor of this city. The poem in question, entitled "In the Wilderness," commemorates an incident of the battle in that dreadful locality on the 7th of May, 1864—the story of a wounded boy who, after lying all night untended on the field, was discovered in the morning creeping around and picking violets:

"So, lost in thought, scarce conscious of the deed,
Culling the violets, here and there he crept
Slowly—ah! slowly—for his wound would bleed;
And the sweet flowers themselves half smiled, half wept,
To be thus gathered in
By hands so pale and thin,
By fingers trembling as they neatly laid
Stem upon stem, and bound them in a braid."

The moment selected by the sculptor, whose art, unlike that of the poet, concerns itself with rest rather than action, may be supposed to be that in which the poor lad has found the first violet. He is sitting, or half lying, on the ground, leaning on the stump of an old tree, against which stands his emptied canteen; his right hand supports his drooping head, his left, which holds the violet, rests on his leg; his eyes are cast down, outwardly beholding the flower, and inwardly a picture of his home:

"At once there circled in his waking heart
A thousand memories of distant home;
Of how those same blue violets would start
Along his native fields, and some would roam
Down his dear humming brooks,
To hide in secret nooks,
And shyly met, in nodding circles swing,
Like gossips murmuring at belated spring.
"And then he thought of the beloved hands
That with his own had plucked the modest flower;
The blue-eyed maiden crowned with golden bands,
Who ruled as sovereign of that sunny hour,
She at whose soft command
He joined the mustering band;
She for whose sake he lay so firm and still,
Despite his pangs, nor questioned then her will."

The figure of the boy, who is tall for his years, is easily posed, and effective from its simplicity. The expression of his face is pensive and tender, blending the languor of recent pain with the regrets of present recollection. Thousands of such children left their homes for the battle-field, and hundreds of them lie there now, moldering beneath the sod which their red life-blood stained. One, luckier than his fellows, lives in the song of the poet and the clay of the sculptor; for the rest, poor youths,

"They had no poet, and they died."

A NEW periodical has recently appeared in England, bearing the imprint of Messrs. Strahan & Co. Its title is "The Cotemporary Review," and its object to present the best thought of the time, particularly in its relation to, and in its discussions of, serious theological questions. Its editor is understood to be Dean Alford, a ripe scholar, and a sensible philological critic, as we remarked lately in our note upon his recent volume, "The Queen's English." The first and second numbers of "The Cotemporary Review" contain papers on "Ritualism and the Ecclesiastical Law," by Benjamin Shaw; "The Philosophy of the Conditioned," a critique on Sir William Hamilton and John Stuart Mill, by Professor Mansell;

"Thoughts on Christian Art," by the Rev. R. St. John Tyrwhitt, M.A.; "Dr. Pusey on Daniel the Prophet," by J. J. Stewart Perowne; "Frederick William Robertson," by the Rev. W. F. Stevenson; "Becket-Literature," by the Rev. Canon Robertson; "French Esthetics," by Edward Dowden; and "Church Government in the Colonies," by the Rev. W. H. Fremantle, M.A. The earnestness and sincerity of "The Cotemporary Review" should commend it to the attention of readers.

MR. F. W. CHRISTERN has removed from 763 to 863 Broadway, his removal being occasioned by the increase of his business, owing to his appointment as the general agent of Firmin Didot Freres, Fils & Co., of Paris, and the transfer of the extensive stock of their publications from the Boston house which formerly held it. He is also the agent of a number of other well-known French publishers, including that of Messrs. Lacroix, Verboeckhoven & Co., the publishers of Victor Hugo, whose new novel bearing their imprint is daily expected.

FOREIGN.

MADAME GEORGE SAND wrote lately to M. Victor Hugo, announcing the birth of a granddaughter named Aurore. He replied in the following verse:

"Cette douce Aurore qui luit
Vient à point dans notre ciel sombre,
A nous deux, nous sommes la nuit;
Vous êtes l'astre, et je suis l'ombre."

It may be rendered thus:

"This sweet Aurora with new light
Comes rising in our sombre sky,
To us, who are, between us, night—
You being the star, the shadow I."

Apropos of M. Hugo. The dedication of his forthcoming novel, "Les Travailleurs de la Mer," is one of the most perfect things of the kind that we have ever seen: "Je dédie ce livre au rocher d'hospitalité et de liberté, à ce coin de vieille terre normande où vit le noble petit peuple de la mer, à l'île de Guernsey, sévère et douce, mon asile actuel, mon tombeau probable.—V. H."

THE publication of his translation of Homer last year by Lord Derby caused his political opponent, Mr. Gladstone, to abandon a translation of the same poet, upon which he had been engaged for years. He has since changed his determination, we now learn, and in due time another English Homer will appear, bearing on its title-page as translator the name of the chancellor of the exchequer.

THE original manuscript of Humboldt's "Cosmos" was recently presented to the Emperor Napoleon by M. Buschmann, royal librarian and member of the Berlin Scientific Academy, who was employed by Humboldt to write out the work from his rough notes, which were so often corrected and enlarged that a complete and clean copy was necessary for the printer, each sheet being literally covered by the cramped and frequently illegible writing of the old *savant*. M. Buschmann carefully preserved the manuscripts, which make five large quarto volumes. The Emperor was pleased to accept them, we are told—so pleased, indeed, that he gave M. Buschmann the medal of the Legion of Honor. While on this subject we may mention that a Mr. F. A. Schwarzenberg has recently published a biography of Humboldt, "Alexander Von Humboldt, or What may be Accomplished in a Lifetime," which is the first English attempt at a memoir of the great writer, though not the first memoir of him in English, the latter being published here a few months after his death, with an introduction by Mr. Bayard Taylor. It was a popular account of Humboldt's life and travels, with an interesting *résumé* of his multitude of books, the facts being drawn from a variety of sources, not forgetting the biographical essay—for it is little more—of Prof. Klenke, upon which, by the way, Mr. Schwarzenberg bases his own, the size of which is about one-half that of its American forerunner, which was reprinted in London at the time of its publication by Messrs. Sampson, Low & Co.

THE first number of a new "Illustrated Literary and Bibliographical Review" has just appeared in London, under the appropriate title of "The Bookworm." Among other curious books mentioned in its pages is a hitherto unknown school edition of Virgil's "Bucolics," printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1552, which contains the following distich, supplying the second line, omitted in all modern editions of Virgil. It occurs in the sixth eclogue, at line 30:

"Nec tantum Rhodope miratur et Ismarus Orpheus;
Quantum omnis mundus gaudet cantate Sileno."

AN important addition to the publications of the Philobiblion Society is about to appear in the shape of a reprint of a collection of seventy old black-letter ballads, from the library of the late Mr. George Daniel, of Isling-

ton, at whose sale they realized the enormous sum of £750. They were originally printed between the years 1550 and 1597.

THE executive committee of the Dramatic College have awarded the prize of one hundred pounds, left by the late T. P. Cooke, the famous actor of sailor parts, for the best national drama, to Mr. A. R. Slous, a member of the English Stock Exchange. The title of his drama, which is soon to be produced, is "True to the Core."

A NEW journal has recently been started in Paris in the interest of the Great Exhibition of next year. One of its objects is to give publicity to official documents bearing on the exhibition and information useful to exhibitors; another, to establish a general international agency whereby the journal will be in constant correspondence with commissioners, committees, and other bodies delegated to the exhibition from foreign countries. It is in direct relation with the Imperial Commission, which may be reached through its columns. One of its features will be a series of biographical sketches of the principal manufacturers and inventors whose works are to be in the exhibition, of which descriptions will be given while the exhibition is in progress, together with reports of the different juries and their awards. Agents for this paper, "Le Moniteur de l'Exposition Universelle de 1867," are about to be appointed in our principal cities.

MR. JAMES GREENWOOD, the author of "A Night in the Workhouse," has just published a tale of considerable length, and dealing with a class of subjects which he has for some years made a specialty—the life of the lowest of the London poor. Its title, "The True History of a Little Ragamuffin," indicates the sort of people to be met with in its pages, where pathos and humor alternate; some of its scenes are said to display the homely vigor of De Foë, with whose "Captain Jack" it is compared. An edition of it is publishing in monthly parts, with illustrations by "Phiz."

THE title, if no more, of Dr. J. G. Holland's poem has wandered over to England. So, at least, we judge from a novel announced as being in the press, "Against the Stream," by Joseph Hatton, author of "Bitter Sweets: A Love Story."

WE know of nothing better out of the Elizabethan dramatists than this little lyric, from Dr. Newman's unique Catholic poem, "The Dream of Gerontius:"

SOUL.

Take me away, and in the lowest deep
There let me be,
And there in hope the lone night-watches keep,
Told out for me.
There, motionless and happy in my pain,
Lone, not forlorn,—
There will I sing my sad perpetual strain
Until the morn.
There will I sing, and soothe my stricken breast,
Which ne'er can cease
To throb, and pine, and languish, till possess
Of its sole-peace.
There will I sing my absent Lord and love:—
Take me away,
That sooner I may rise, and go above,
And see Him in the truth of everlasting day.

MR. ALEXANDER SMITH has written an introductory essay for Prof. Hows's "Golden Leaves from the American Poets," published here by the late Mr. J. G. Gregory, and republished in London by Messrs. Frederick Warne & Co.

PERSONAL.

THE poetry of Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich is the subject of a notice in the *Athenæum* which is rather more gracious than usual towards American writers:

"It is some years," it says, "since we have met with an American poet so rich in achievement and promise as Mr. Aldrich. In his opening poem, 'Judith,' there are traces of Mr. Tennyson's manner, but they disappear as we proceed in the volume. Indeed, 'Judith,' though the most ambitious effort in the selection, is by no means the most successful. The incidents of the tale are well told, and the *physique*, so to speak, of Judith is characteristically presented; but the depths of her nature are not sounded—the conflict of motives and the self-devotion which triumphs in the end are too vaguely set forth."

The critic quotes a few passages from Mr. Aldrich's volume, and sums up his comments as follows:

"We do not, as yet, find in Mr. Aldrich the sustained moral beauty of Longfellow; but he has, without imitation, as much force and minuteness of description as his predecessor, and almost as much music. The author of this volume is an addition to that small band of American poets which is so slowly reinforced."

MR. GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, whose "Potiphar Papers" have just been reprinted by Mr. O. B. Beeton, fares rather hardly in the same journal:

"The American author of these satirical sketches of

fashionable society in New York is a very poor imitator of Thackeray's worst style and least amiable humor; but his book is noticeable as an instance of the freedom with which transatlantic manners and tastes are criticised by citizens of the great republic, who raise an uproar of indignant dissent whenever book-making Englishmen hint that Fifth Avenue shelters a few persons of bad tone, or that the receptions at the White House are less imposing than the drawing-rooms and courts at which the Queen of England gives royal greeting to the great ones of the earth."

LOUIS, ex-King of Bavaria, is said to be at Nice revising the manuscript of a new volume of poems.

KING JOHN, of Saxony, has lately published the third and last part of his translation of Dante's "Divina Commedia."

MISS ISA CRAIG, who came into notice as a poetess by taking the prize for a Burns ode for his one hundredth birthday, is said to be the editor of the "Argosy," which we have reason to believe is edited by Mr. Charles Reade.

MRS. ALFRED GATTY, a pleasing writer of children's books, is about to publish a sixpenny magazine, to be edited by herself and illustrated by her daughters.

PROF. FERGUSON, who has filled the chair of surgery in King's College, London, for the last twenty-five years, has lately been created a baronet by the Queen.

A PENSION of £200 a year has been conferred on the widow and daughter of the late Sir William Rowan Hamilton, Astronomer Royal of Ireland.

M. LACROIX, who made his mark as a publisher by the sum which he paid for M. Hugo's "Les Misérables," and the success which he secured for it, was lately sentenced to a fine of \$300 and a year's imprisonment for publishing a posthumous work of M. Proudhon's, which consisted of skeptical notes on the Evangelists.

M. JEAN DU BOYS is to be the new editor of the "Revue de Paris," the subscription price of which is to be reduced.

M. PHILARETE CHARLES recently married the widow of M. Romieu, known by her "Woman in the Nineteenth Century" and various works on agriculture, in which she is an authority.

M. TAINE, the well-known critic of art and literature, who is now writing a new philosophical work, contemplates visiting India and America when he shall have finished it, for the purpose of studying their civilization.

M. ACHILLE COMTE died recently at the age of sixty-four. As a scientific man M. Comte was best known by his "Select Prelections on the Sciences," "Anatomy made Easy to Unprofessional People," and the "Museum of Natural History." At the time of his death he was secretary of the committee appointed to revise the Pharmaceutical Codex.

M. ALFRED DE BREHAT, a French novelist of considerable reputation, died lately of consumption. He had traveled largely, visiting in his time England, India, Madagascar, China, and Japan.

Two recent deaths among naturalists were those of M. Philippe, author of a "Flora of the Pyrenees," and Signor Giovanni Gussone, author of "Flora Sicula" and "Flora d'Ischia."

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

MR. GEORGE JESSE has in the press "Researches into the History of the British Dog, from Ancient Laws, Charters, and Historical Records, with Original Anecdotes from the Poets and Prose Writers of Medieval and Modern Times."

"CUTHBERT BEDE" (the Rev. Mr. Bradley) is about to publish, in two volumes, "Matins and Muttons."

MR. ANDREW HALLIDAY has a new volume nearly ready, the title of which suggests a memory of the late Washington Irving, viz., "Sunnyside Papers."

MESSRS. TRUBNER & Co. announce what ought to be a curious and valuable work, "The Lost and Perishing Beauties of the English Language." It is understood to be a dictionary of obsolete and extinct words and phrases, or of such as only have a lingering existence in out-of-the-way places in Great Britain, the Colonies, and North America. The compiler is Dr. Charles Mackay.

A R T.

THE FRENCH ETCHING CLUB.

A CURIOSITY in its way is the printed catalogue of pictures and drawings of the various French schools now on exhibition at the Fine Arts Gallery, 625 Broadway. We learn from the catalogue in question that these pictures are the production of the "French Etching Club," an association founded by M. Cadart, whom we take to be the

Parisian publisher of the etchings produced by its members. We speak with reserve on this point, however, because our mind has been rendered more or less chaotic on the subject by the manner in which M. Cadart's brochure has been done into English. Nevertheless, we gather from it that certain French painters of the period have come to a conclusion that "vivacity, independence, and spontaneity of processes" could better be obtained by etching than in any other manner, and so they took to their aquafortis like men, and went to work upon plates, many impressions from which are to be seen in this collection.

In connection with the etchings, however, and as if to advertise them, the paintings to which we have already referred have been placed on exhibition. They are varied in character, and, according to the introduction to the catalogue, they are to be taken as illustrations of "three currents of ideas which have prevailed among French painters during the nineteenth century." We learn further from the same authority that the third of these "currents" has developed into what is termed the "natural school" of art, and that the pictures under notice are illustrations of the workings of this "third current."

Foremost of all in this "natural school" the writer of the introduction places Gustave Courbet, three large pictures from whose easel are very prominent upon the walls of the gallery. Of these, the one entitled "The Return from the Conference" is described at considerable length in the catalogue, in which we find it set down as "a lively and witty satire suggested by the customs of the Catholic province of Franche-Comté." We have never had the pleasure of traveling through that province, but, unless the "satire" in question is very much overcharged, the manners and customs of Franche-Comté must be queer, to say the least of it. The composition—which is a large one—reveals seven full-blown priests, all of them in a state of intoxication that would be very inadequately described by the word "tight." The subject, it will be seen, is a delicate one, but the painter has handled it without gloves. The leading clergyman of the group is mounted on a donkey—and a donkey, "at that," of the sort described in the old comic song as one "vot wouldn't go." A clergyman, drunker, if possible, than the mounted clergyman, is tugging at the head of the unwilling animal, as if to convert it by sheer force. The other five clergymen complete the bacchanalian cortege, their gestures aiding the imagination materially in fancying the sort of *chansons* with which they are tainting the morning air. A derisive peasant, by the roadside, has lost all control of himself, and is giving vent to his feeling for the humorous in a burst of laughter. The whole scene is one of utter and irredeemable vulgarity, and, although the writer in the catalogue remarks with amusing naïveté that it "vexed the police and the clergy, and spoiled their temper," yet he adds that "there is nothing to prevent us from enjoying it," a conclusion upon which we prefer to remain at issue with him.

Another picture of Courbet's is entitled "The End of the Hunt." It is a forest scene, with a dead roebuck suspended from a tree, and a couple of hounds sniffing at it. The dogs are drawn and painted with force, but there is a want of motive in the composition. The man leaning against the tree does not look as if he had the least idea why he should be there; and the dog-boy with the great brass horn suggests rather the tuning-up process in an orchestra than anything associated with the spirit of the chase.

The third picture by Courbet, in this exhibition, is called "The Wrestler," and the catalogue informs us that, "in executing it, Courbet's main object was to demonstrate in what way nude figures could be reconciled to the representation of modern customs." We are not aware that it is a "modern custom" for wrestlers to contend with each other in a state of nudity; but let that pass. The aim of this picture seems to be to display the artist's knowledge of muscular anatomy, rather than anything else. The trainer who could put up so much muscle on his man as Courbet's athletes display would be invaluable to the P. R. of the present time—which is the only "modern custom" really illustrated by the picture.

Gustave Doré was a very young man when he painted the singular picture entitled "The Mountebanks," here on exhibition. It is dated 1853, which would make the artist about twenty at the time when he painted it. In this group there is a touch of the *bizarre* element which has since pervaded the black and white by which the name of Doré has come to be famous. A besotted and squalid old mountebank, with a hautboy in his dirty hand, is the principal figure of the group. Beside him there sits a small mountebank, the tear dropping from

whose eye gives the tragic sentiment to the scene. The woman standing up behind is a terrible creation—a living and livid corpse, prepared to amuse outer vulgarians at so much a head. In drawing, as well as in color, the picture is the work of a tyro—but of a tyro of some promise, as it has turned out.

One of the most conspicuous works on the walls of the gallery is Lambron's "Lady with the White Mice." We must certainly concede that this picture does belong to the natural school, inasmuch as the lady appears in *puris naturalibus*, and that as large as life. A very pretty lady she is, too; but if the "third current," by which these French painters are said to be influenced, is going to blow everybody's clothes away, what is to become of French ascendancy in matters of fashion? The flesh in this picture is rather chalky in color, but the drawing is very fine.

A large picture that attracts much attention is Anker's "Bride of Death." The subject is a very heart-rending one—a young lover, *nouveau marié*, we suppose, bending distractedly over a lovely young girl who lies in her coffin. The aged father and mother are overwhelmed with affliction, all of which sentiment is rendered with great force.

Of Chiffart, who is known chiefly as a painter of historical subjects, we believe, there are several examples here. The best of these, perhaps, is his "Othello and Desdemona," which seems, however, to be nothing more than a study for a larger picture. The same may be said of his "Don Quixote and Sancho Panza," and, indeed, of all the pictures from his pencil here exhibited. Perhaps it is an affectation of this "natural school" to run to sketchiness, but that sort of thing may be overdone. "A Fight," by the same artist, is a curious little study, in which the naked warriors and their horses are going at it hand and mouth.

Has the trowel partly taken the place of the brush in this "natural school" of the French? Daubigny's landscape, "The Vicinity of Pontoise," would lead one to suppose that it has. Great dabs of mortar are introduced to represent the fleecy drifts of the welkin. Every effect is produced by dragging and scumbling. Nothing seems to be properly "made out."

A pretty little bit of *genre* is Hereau's "Returning from the Market;" but in this, too, the vague, sketchy manner predominates to excess. Cannot these artists of the French "natural school" achieve a *juste milieu*? The Pre-Raphaelites paint everything; the "naturalists" only half.

Why exhibit such "weak inventions" as Jacques's "Shepherd and his Flock?" The thin, textureless manner of this picture is one of those things for which nothing short of an apology in writing could be deemed sufficient. The wool that the sheep had a right to expect has all been given to the landscape and clouds.

There are four pictures by Pons, which are described in the catalogue as "decorative panels." These pictures, albeit somewhat suggestive of wall-paper, are not without merit. The artist has been studying Watteau, whose fair ladies and gentle knights figure brightly, although somewhat blotchy, in these garden scenes.

Another painter of the thin, textureless style is Tixer. "A Mountebank," by this artist, represents a stroller of the Bohemian type—happy in the possession of his guitar, drum, rabbit, and dog, the latter, like his master, got up in full performing costume, and ready, evidently, for any emergency—even a dinner.

"The Reverse of the Medal," by the same artist, is also a subject from the show business. A stately old gentleman, of the pedagogue stamp, lugs out by the ear, from a guard-house, a youthful truant in harlequin costume. The boy had run away from school, apparently, joined a troop of strolling performers, and got into the hands of the "authorities." There is a lesson in the picture, if no great artistic merit.

Of the drawings in this collection—many of which are undoubtedly from the pencils of men who have achieved some renown in art—all we can say is that they are generally very indifferent examples of the artists. Such specimens as those from Grandville, for example, might have been taken from the sweepings of that eccentric artist's studio. There are a couple by Swertchkow—a French artist of Russian birth—that are exceptionally good. "A Sleigh" is full of spirit, and so is a pencil sketch of a horse in full trot.

Taking this collection *en masse*, we cannot say that a single one of the best artists figuring in it is represented at anything like his full power. As a study of the living exponents of the French schools it is an interesting exhibition enough; but the whole thing is to be taken *cum grano salis*, and some of it would not be easy to swallow even with that.

present position should be retained, but desires to restore the southern states to all the rights and privileges of membership of the Union; and, at the same time, he has exacted and still exacts from them guarantees which are distasteful to the democratic party, though it is willing to overlook them in the prospect of obtaining power in the future. It is false to say that the whole country agrees with him. No rhetoric however adroit, no argument however specious, can disguise the fact that the more advanced portion of the republican party, including a large majority of the present Congress, is opposed to his policy, and will contest it to the bitter end should he persist in it. And the sooner this contest begins the better. If ever there were questions which demanded the fullest discussion, it is now. They are to be settled not for to-day but, as we earnestly hope, for all coming time, or, at least, so long as this great republic shall exist. If Mr. Johnson's policy be wrong, let the people know the fact and pronounce upon it accordingly; if it be right, let that be known. And the only way by which an intelligent decision can be reached is by discussion. For this reason those members of the republican party who have taken a bold stand against it are deserving of much more respect than some of their associates who, from motives of political interest, have withheld their real opinions for the sake of possible present advantage.

President Johnson, it must be acknowledged, has been playing fast and loose with both parties. Each claims assurances from him in its own favor which put side by side are flatly contradictory. This does not redound to his credit. Moreover, it impairs that measure of confidence in him which is the great bulwark of all men who have succeeded in public life. Making all allowances for the exaggerated statements of interested politicians, the conclusion is unavoidable that Mr. Johnson has not dealt perfectly squarely. He is an old politician, and finds it impossible to renounce the love for political scheming which he has practiced for so many years and with such marked success. The secret of this lies, we think, in his combative temperament. All his life he has been fighting. At the start he engaged in a struggle with what he terms the "aristocracy of slavery," next with the "fanatical abolitionists," then with the slave power itself and the men who were regarded as its supporters in the northern states, and now he returns to contend against his old opponents in Congress, two of whom he has so far transgressed the decorum of his position as to call by name. To call him a meek man, a patient man, as some of his present supporters do, is to fly in the face of evident facts. Mr. Johnson, on the contrary, is bold, resolute, impetuous, determined, and invites rather than repels a political struggle. His judgment is clear, his views are always distinctly pronounced, but his most prominent characteristic is his combativeness.

As we go to press news is received that the President has vetoed the civil rights bill which so recently was passed by Congress. This action on his part must widen the breach between himself and a large portion of the republican party. A seeming union may be patched up, but it cannot last. The inevitable result, it would seem, will be a reorganization of parties, such as has been already foreshadowed in these columns. A noteworthy indication of this appeared in the *New York Times* of Tuesday, which we quote herewith. After alluding to the conflicting views held by members of the republican party, the article concludes thus, a portion of which we print in italics:

"These things cannot go on without disrupting the republican party. *In view, therefore, of an inevitable rupture, it behooves the people to weigh all evidence for and against the President on the one side, and the leaders in Congress on the other, and decide which is nearest right. It is more than a party question. It reaches above and beyond party. And in determining our own course, we should, each for himself, endeavor to learn how we can best promote the restoration of the Union, the stability of the government, and the prosperity of the country.*"

Such words, coming from such a source, are very significant. They are timely, too. The period is now reached when the country must decide between the policy urged by the President and that advocated by a large majority of Congress. Let the decision be made as soon as possible, for upon it wait many im-

portant questions that cannot be settled until it is determined what course is to be adopted towards the southern states. President Johnson will do himself far more credit by taking a firm stand before the country than by persisting in his efforts to make it appear that he supports two antagonistic parties; and, on the other hand, those members of the republican party who honestly and conscientiously dissent from his views will deserve increased respect and will do real service to the country by appealing to the people to indorse or reject the policy they may advocate. If there must be a conflict of opinion, let it be manly, outspoken, and free from all doubts.

THE TELEGRAPH MONOPOLY.

IN debate in the United States Senate, a few days since (March 20), on a bill to grant aid to the International Telegraph Company to facilitate communication between the United States and the West Indies, Senator Brown said

"The telegraph system of this country is controlled by a giant monopoly, which charges what it pleases and runs off all opposition."

We have obtained from a reliable source some information in regard to the telegraph monopoly which will be interesting to our readers, and may serve to awaken attention to movements now going on in this very important branch of the public service. When the rebellion closed, and the southern telegraph lines relapsed from military hands to their normal condition, the telegraph business of the country was transacted mainly by four great telegraph companies. The American Telegraph Company held the lines stretching from Maine to New Orleans, through the entire extent of the Atlantic and Gulf states, running inland as far as Chattanooga, in Tennessee, and Meridian, in Mississippi. At these points and at New Orleans it touched the lines of the Southwestern Telegraph Company, which extended from the Ohio river through the states of the Mississippi valley to New Orleans, and through Arkansas into Texas as far west as San Antonio. The Western Union Company held the western and northwestern territory north of the Ohio river from certain points in the Atlantic states to the boundary of Illinois, with a line to California, and friendly alliance with the isolated telegraphic constructions in Illinois and Wisconsin. In the great field occupied by the American and the Western Union companies, the active commercial spirit of the community, restive under the exactions which a combination between these companies laid upon it, had given rise to a new organization, the United States Telegraph Company, which commenced, and prosecuted with energy until a recent period, the construction of opposition lines through the northern Atlantic states, and the western states north of the Ohio, with a line to the Pacific. With the exception of a few unimportant lines between the principal commercial cities in the Atlantic states north of the Potomac, and the Southern Express Company's limited telegraphic constructions in the South, administered in intimate alliance with the American Telegraph Company, these four great corporations controlled the entire telegraphic constructions in the country. It is understood that between three of them, the United States Company not being included, a compact existed binding each company not to infringe, by new constructions or purchase, upon the territory comprehended within the circuit of its respective compeers. Shortly after the close of the war the American Telegraph Company purchased for one million of dollars the entire interest of the Southwestern Telegraph Company. It also purchased for five hundred thousand dollars the line of the old Washington and New Orleans Telegraph Company, which it had held by lease for several years.

The monopoly which Senator Brown referred to, in the statement we have quoted, seemed, until a recent date, to be in process of fair limitation to its demands upon the public, by the labors of the United States Telegraph Company in constructing competing lines. Unfortunately for the hopes it had given rise to, this company, a few weeks since, came to a parley with the Western Union, and finally amalgamated with it, turning over all its lines to the Western Union

Company, in which a portion of the active men of the United States Company have been provided for. These combinations leave the existing telegraphic constructions of the country entirely in the hands of the American and the Western Union Companies. By the purchase of the lines of the United States Company, the Western Union now holds telegraphic constructions within the so-called territory of the American Company. Whether it will continue to operate these, in violation of its old compact, or not, is not yet known. The compact is not of the class of agreements which can be enforced by a process of law, and the question therefore becomes one to be disposed of by the dictates of interest or feeling. We have reason to believe that the two companies are now in correspondence in relation to the matter, and we may reasonably conclude that, as corporations are more impelled in their actions by interest than by feeling, they will come to an amicable arrangement, thus making good the statement of Senator Brown in regard to the existing monopoly of the telegraph.

Such a monopoly cannot but be prejudicial to the best interests of the country. The use of the telegraph has become a necessity to our people, particularly so to the great commercial interests, and it should be rendered by every legitimate means both cheap and efficient. An exclusive monopoly is conducive to neither of these ends. Rather does it lead to dearness, on the one hand, by inciting the proprietors to seek a greater return for their investment than the average rate of profit; and to inefficiency on the other, by making neglect of duty secure against that punishment which a fair competition in the business would insure at the hands of the patrons of the telegraph. Whatever may be the course pursued by the two great corporations now seeking to monopolize the telegraphic constructions in the country, we doubt if they can succeed in attaining that end. The interests to be served by competition are too vast, the commercial instinct of our merchants and capitalists is too keen and eager, and the means at their command are too great to permit such a consummation. It is important, however, in view of present movements and tendencies that public attention should be directed to this question, for until it is quickened no effective measures can be taken to save us from a complete monopoly of the telegraph, which would oppress every interest and which would be deplored by all.

THE subject of increased tariff on foreign books imported to this country continues to attract attention on the part of the booksellers. The bill which prominent publishers and printers have been urging upon the consideration of the congressional Ways and Means Committee calls for an advance of 25 per cent. in the tariff on all books imported, and further proposes to levy the duties by weight instead of *ad valorem*, which we consider a decided mixing of matters. We are somewhat surprised that American publishers should be led to advocate the passage of any such bill as this. If they consider that their interests demand an increase of duties, they should at least insist upon some discrimination in the character of the books imported. There are certain rare and valuable publications which would never be reprinted in this country, and which can only be called for by scholars and professional men. These should not suffer from duties the same as the cheap editions which are sold here for less than our printers and book-binders can afford to make them, and which may temporarily injure our own publishing interest. There should be some recognized difference between the two, or else the measure may do more harm than good. For ourselves we do not believe in the expediency of any increase of duties on foreign books. We would prefer that there should be a decrease rather than an advance, and in this way we believe the best interests of all would be subserved. This, however, does not seem to be the impression of the publishers, and it is more than likely that in the present state of feeling towards England their wishes will be complied with. If they thus succeed, and duties are imposed according to weight, we shall feel that an unjust and impolitic thing has been accomplished.

SKETCHES OF THE PUBLISHERS.

WALKER, FULLER & CO., BOSTON.
[AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.]

DR. OSGOOD, with all the fervor of a sectary, said at a Unitarian convention, not long ago, that to attempt to destroy the literature of that denomination would be to erase the most conspicuous portion of the culture of America, and to lose our highest place in the republic of letters. Any one not of this communion will take such a statement with considerable hesitancy, if not with such qualifications as would preclude the intended deduction. As the house whose name we put at the head of this article are the exponents, as publishers, of the Unitarian body in a city where that faith, if not dominant, is at least by far more widely spread than in any other large community of our country, it might seem somewhat necessary to the understanding of their position to enter in some degree into the history of the influence of Unitarianism upon general as well as denominational literature, but our limits forbid such a sketch. It was not till 1825 that it was attempted to give a cohesion to the Unitarian denomination, and for the husbanding and direction of its influence the American Unitarian Association was formed. For nearly thirty years this body left the issuing of its denominational literature to individual enterprise, and confined its own efforts at publishing to the mere circulation of tracts. The well-known houses of Crosby & Nichols and James Munroe & Co., in Boston, and Charles S. Francis & Co., in New York, were the channels through which the works of Channing, Dewey, the Peabodys, Ware, Eliot, Greenwood, and many others were brought before the public, not to pass by the new versions of the Psalms, the Prophets, Job, and the Proverbs by Dr. Noyes. There were also some few other houses willing to set their imprint to such works as Prof. Norton's translation of the New Testament, the sermons of Dr. Walker, and the writings of Theodore Parker. About twelve years ago, when a fund of \$20,000 was raised for the purpose, the American Unitarian Association began to enlarge its sphere by the publication of denominational works, and under this impulse two series of books were printed, one of theological and the other of devotional character, and widely circulated.

We have now come to a time when an effort was to be made auxiliary to the operations of the association to increase the circulation of Unitarian writings. There was undoubted ability in the denomination, though perhaps it was devoting itself more exclusively to the advancement of general literature than to the furthering of sectarian belief, and with results, when we run over the long list of prominent writers of our time who prefer the Unitarian faith, that give some color to the assumption of Dr. Osgood with which we opened this article. A far larger share than the numbers of the body could claim proportionally to other sects of those famous in letters who have earned the names of historians, poets, and philosophers were of this communion. The eloquence of Buckminster or the spirituality of Channing may not have been equaled by a succeeding generation, but they had great comprehension and logical force in a Walker, breadth and impressiveness in a Dewey, vast scholarship and weight in a Hedge, acumen in a Hill, saintly odor in a Bartol, and soundness in an Ellis. It were worthy of any sect's ambition to have such a race of men as adorned the body in Boston ten years ago, when it became too evident that the influence it had long had was on the wane. The fervent sectary mourned that the old zeal that had animated Channing and Ware and Buckminster and Greenwood and Lowell was not maintained. Some complained of the great lack of young aspirants to wear the cloth that they had so well made saintly. Others thought that the energies that might move worlds in the hands of the really powerful were dissipated in the great crowd, and that, on the other hand, fewer and better ministers were needed. In fine, there was dissatisfaction that the progress of the sect was not commensurate with the weight and ability it commanded, and, unwilling to recognize the insufficiency of its character to further a great enfolding of members, they looked to the establishment of a new organ for their publishing efforts and the concentration of official aims with private enterprise to effect

what they most ardently longed for. How the house whose name we put at the head of this article was to effect this, we now proceed to narrate.

Mr. James P. Walker, the leading partner, bred with the well-known house of Little, Brown & Co., was subsequently for some years in the employ of Leavitt & Allen, of New York, exercising his literary taste in some degree, as was apparent in "The Book of Raphael's Madonnas" which he prepared for that firm. Since he has removed to Boston, his pen has been further at work on one or two juveniles which the present firm have issued. Early in 1859 he went to Boston for the purpose of establishing himself as the publisher for the Unitarian Association, with a view of uniting all the denominational issues of the country as far as possible in one channel. Taking as partners Messrs. D. W. Wise and Henry M. Bond, the house of Walker, Wise & Co. was formed, which began business in Boston in May, 1859. A little more than a year ago Mr. Wise retired, and was succeeded by Mr. Horace B. Fuller (who had been for some years connected with the trade in the employ of Brewer & Tileston), when the house changed its style to that at the head of this article.

Arrangements were early made with the association for the issue of its publications, and furthermore the firm began systematically to buy or lease the plates of the majority of its denominational books in print, until, with the addition of new works from time to time, their catalogue now presents the largest array of Unitarian literature ever grouped under one imprint. The result of this concentration has been an enlarged sale of the denominational writings, and this in the face of the apparent relative decrease or at least inertia of the sect, though the sale still is, as it always has been, much less than might have been premised from the general intelligence and cultivation of the denomination. As a class, the Unitarians of New England are of greater culture and more wealth proportionately than any other of her sects can boast, and yet they are outstripped in this patronage of the press by many of the other denominations less fortunate in these respects.

It is in view of this fact, and to apply a remedy, where we think from the nature of the case the matter is remediless, that, under the auspices of the association, endeavors to raise a sum of money have resulted in the collection of one hundred thousand dollars, which it is now intended to employ largely in resuming denominational publishing as a means of reaching the scattered and unconsolidated character of its constituency, which condition of the body is very marked from the large number of single mail orders for works of their kind that the publishers are constantly receiving from every quarter of the country, and more particularly from the distant parts of the West, showing a wide distribution of sympathy, if little concentration of it. The result of this movement is, that works of recent years, imprinted by the present house and others, are henceforward to go forth from the association itself, which is to depend on Walker, Fuller & Co. in Boston and James Miller (successor to C. S. Francis & Co.) in New York as selling agents; by which arrangement, also, the "Christian Examiner," so long associated with Boston, is now transferred to New York.

The attention of the house under notice, however, has not been solely directed to the issuing of denominational writings; but by a few important ventures in general literature they have already acquired position in the trade at large. Their most considerable undertaking is perhaps the project to reproduce Henri Martin's "History of France" in English, the whole to make seventeen volumes in handsome octavo. Miss Mary L. Booth, who had already been of service to them in translating Cochin's "Results of Slavery" and "Results of Emancipation," has been intrusted with the literary part of the undertaking, and in the volumes already produced she has done it in a way to secure the approbation of the distinguished author, who tells her that her work appears to him "a true model of what a translation should be; neither an unfaithful paraphrase, nor a not less unfaithful word-for-word translation, wherein the heavy imitation stifles the spirit as much as the paraphrase. It is elegant without artificiality, vigorous without stiffness, and always clear." For reasons that

meet the approbation of the author, the concluding portion has been issued first; the four volumes already out covering the age of Louis XIV. (1661-1715) and "The Decline of the Monarchy" (1715-1787), with which epoch the work ends. The earliest portion, beginning the narrative at B.C. 1500, is the next in order, to be continued in twelve more volumes till the sequence is perfected with those already issued, a seventeenth volume, devoted to an analytical index, finishing the series. A good history of France in English has long been a desideratum, and the wish is likely now to be answered.

The writings of the Rev. James Martineau fill their proper place in their theological catalogue with a degree of prominence that is equaled by his sister's "History of England" in their general list. Of all the fruits of this lady's prolific pen her "History of the Peace" is doubtless the most important, which her American publishers induced her to augment by an introduction covering that part of the present century antecedent to Waterloo, and by a new book continuing the subject to the Crimean war, thus completing a continuous history of England for something more than the first half of the present century. Miss Martineau's political bias is well known, and honorably illustrated by her refusing a pension many years ago from the government of Great Britain; but her history is not generally considered warped by such bias. The work as they have issued it, in four post octavo volumes, is a handsome as well as a valuable accession to our best shelves. As a matter of literary interest, we may add that the present house received a note from its author a few months since, at the close of the necessary business correspondence which the publication had called forth, in which she intimates a too early termination of a literary career honorable if not always acceptable to her antagonists in thought. "It is a great satisfaction to me," she writes from Ambleside, in November, "that this business is settled—the very last in my literary career. I am too ill to work, and this correspondence is the close of my literary business. I am very sensible of the courtesy which you have shown to me throughout, and you have my best wishes for the success of the history."

This house has also been the American publishers of the well-known "Essays and Reviews," and to their edition Dr. Hedge has furnished an introduction and annotations. The Unitarians have warmly welcomed this work of English churchmen as evincing in the most marked manner elemental thought in that community that afforded them no small ground for sympathy. Dr. Hedge, under his own name, in his recent "Reason in Religion," has set forth with his accustomed weight of erudition and purpose his own sympathies with much directness—a book the average Unitarians are very willing to put forward as their formula. They have furnished likewise another phase of the controversy in their reprint of "Tracts for Priests and People," a temperate and well compacted utterance by the "Broad Church" party in response to the authors of "Essays and Reviews," coming from Thomas Hughes, Prof. Maurice, and others—a book that has drawn respect from the opponents of its principles. We might complete their list of more general theological interest by instancing Dr. Noyes's collection of controversial papers from Stanley, Jowett, Tholuck, Powell, Guizot, Newcome, Roland Williams, etc., to which that learned Hebraist furnishes an introduction; Dr. Beard's edition of a translation of a book touching the "Progress of Religious Thought in the Protestant Church of France;" Frances Power Cobbe's "Religious Demands of the Age," an exposition of Theodore Parker's views; and Prof. Maurice's "Prophets and Kings of the Old Testament."

The political affinity of the few works of that department on their catalogue is of a kind that finds consonant expression in Cochin's books on slavery already mentioned; in Mr. Conway's "Rejected Stone;" Senator Wilson's "History of the Anti-Slavery Measures of Congress;" and in Wendell Phillips's speeches—not to mention their recent "Life of Horace Mann," a biography, however, illustrating more particularly the educational development of our communities; and Mr. Hale's little volume of memorable excerpts from the addresses, etc., of the late

President. Other books, of the nature of an outgrowth of the rebellion, have come from them in Mr. Hosmer's "Color Guard" and "Thinking Bayonet," both of them works (and particularly the former) which show a considerable degree of a writer's choicer qualities. Mr. Hepworth's "Whip, Hoe, and Sword" is not so good a book as the others, but bears all his characteristics of fervor and haste. The several books of Mrs. C. H. Dall on their catalogue are all devoted to the particular sphere of humanitarian progress which she has so long encouraged—that of her own sex.

They are also the publishers of several series of juveniles which have become known generally in the trade. Miss Lander's "Spectacle Series," detailing the peculiarities of appearance and life in some of the chief cities of the world, has reached a sale of some 30,000 volumes. Nearly as many copies have been sold of "The Pioneer Boy" (a life of President Lincoln), while the volume devoted to Chief-Justice Chase's early life, "The Ferry Boy," has circulated to the extent of some 10,000. The two series of "Hymns for Mothers and Children" are both well established books.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LONDON.

LONDON, March 10, 1866.

"PARIS EN AMERIQUE."

I HAVE not yet seen in any American journal a notice of a little book with the above title which has amused the Parisians of late considerably. It has not been translated into English, and probably will not be, unless it is done in America. The book (introduced to me in a little "Odds and Ends" pamphlet) was published anonymously, under the *nom de plume* of Doctor René Lefebvre, but the author is known to be a popular professor of the College of France.* It has passed through ten editions, and over 20,000 copies have been sold. The thread upon which the writer strings his sparkling hits is this: Mr. Jonathan Dream, an American mesmerist and medium, exhibiting his powers in Paris, takes offense at the author's skepticism, and threatens to transport Dr. Lefebvre, his wife, children, house, neighbors, street, nay, Paris itself, to America. Dared by the doctor to do so, he gives him a pill. The doctor goes to bed in his own house and awakens in another Paris in Massachusetts. He is now Dr. Smith, an American citizen, retaining only enough Parisian identity to be surprised at many of our transatlantic customs. The object of the *brochure* is obviously to institute a sharp contrast between the two countries. The transformed doctor's first interview with his American wife is in the kitchen, where she is busy superintending a pudding which her husband particularly affects. In Paris this wife, Jenny, had for her one ambition to keep for herself and family a good position in the eye of the world and to be like the rest of the world. The doctor is so pleased with her new Yankee character that he gives her a kiss and caress, whereat she blushes and cries, "For shame, Mister Smith!" Proceeding to the business of the day the metamorphosed Parisian takes up a newspaper, and is very much shocked at its freedom of tone. It attacks without gloves a millionaire contractor who has supplied to the army 60,000 shoes with paper soles. With similar license various magistrates are attacked—one being called a "Judge Jeffries." "Wretched scribbler!" cries the Parisian, "if you had the honor to dwell among the most amiable and enlightened people in the world, you would know by instinct that to criticise the laws, the judge, or the magistrate is a treason against society. The first dogma of a civilized people is the infallibility of 'the authority.' Accused be the inventor of newspapers, especially of free and cheap papers. The press is like gas, which at the same time scorches your eyes and poisons you!" The family transported to America consists of a son and a daughter. Henry is only sixteen, but has already been offered an agency at Calcutta with a salary of \$5,000, and is impatient to be launched into the world. The Parisian had planned very differently for his son. Years ago he managed to get for his son as a godfather an old officer in the financial department, and his son's name is already on a list of candidates for a clerkship. If he succeeds he will realize the paternal visions, which are thus: "I see him at thirty-five depu-

ty-chief, with an appointment of 2,400 francs, and with a red ribbon at his button-hole, like his godfather. I see him, like that model of his career, soft, humble, polite, complaisant with the heads of the office; stern, stiff, lofty with subalterns; and rising, step by step, quite to the direction of the force. What fortune! What a prospect!" This dream of grandeur to be rudely dashed aside by a Yankee grocer's dollars! But if this is dreadful what shall be said when his beautiful daughter Susan, nineteen years of age, throws herself one morning on her father's neck, and then and there introduces to him a young man for her marriage with whom she only wishes her father to fix the day! It is Alfred Rose, the ninth son of a neighboring apothecary!! The doctor had dreamed of nothing under a *sous-préfet* for his son-in-law. This young man asks no dower with Susan, but insists that he loves her.

Now for Paris again, whither the mesmerized doctor is transported as summarily as he had quitted it. On awaking with his head still full of American life, he finds his wife and daughter no longer taken up with puddings and substantial employments, but passing their time with a pretense of embroidery or other fashionable idleness. He breaks upon their conventional life abruptly enough:

"Come now, Susan, my child, when do you think of marrying?" Jenny, the wife and mother, bounced up as if a spring had thrown her. Susan blushed to the very whites of her eyes.

"Now don't be childish, Susan," he said. "You are nearly twenty. You are not one of those little fools who, at the mention of a husband, set a-squinting and looking at the tip of their nose. If your heart has spoken tell me! I have perfect confidence in you, my dear. I accept unseen the son-in-law you have chosen for me."

"Susan!" said his wife, "go to my room for some worsted for my tapestry;" and at the same time she made a sign which, translated, meant unmistakably, "Leave us."

When Susan had gone, Jenny burst forth: "Daniel, you are cruel! What has the poor child done to you?"

"What! am I not to ask my daughter if she is in love?"

"My daughter," said Jenny, "has no lover! She is a modest girl, who will do as her mother did before her. She will wait for the day of her marriage to bestow her love on the husband her parents shall choose for her."

"The day of her marriage!" cried I, "that is a little late," etc., etc.

The lady is not moved by argument, nor by the example of other countries, and goes near to call her husband a fool.

"That is to say, ma'am, there is one of us two blinded by prejudice and fighting against reason."

"Yes, sir! with this difference, that you stand alone, and that in France all the world think as I do."

"Ah!" sighed I, "here is my tyrant—My Lord All the World—again in my house. How much better my wife was in America!"

Then enters Henri, not Henry Smith, the bold boy ready for his Calcutta agency or to join the army under McClellan or Grant, but Parisian Henri Lefebvre, who comes gently into the room and embraces his father timidly. His father scarcely recognizes him. It is no longer the bold volunteer; it is a pretty little youth with a doll's face. He has his hair divided in the middle of his head like a woman. He wears an embroidered shirt, a stand-up collar, with a tartan ribbon for a necktie; you might fancy it a girl in boy's clothes. His whole figure has something graceful, delicate, indolent.

"Where have you been, love?" said his mother.

"At my hairdresser's, mamma!" His hairdresser's! My son need a perruquier! I stared at him as a curiosity.

"You have been to the riding-school this morning?" asked Jenny.

"Yes, mamma; and at the fencing-school."

"Very right," said I; "I like these manly exercises. A boy should ride, swim, box, fence, shoot. Civilized man must always struggle against the softness of an enervating life. But, my dear Henri, there is something more. One must take a profession. You are sixteen. You are a man. What are you going to do?"

"Poor love!" cried Jenny; "do let him enjoy his happy age. He isn't even a bachelor of arts."

"Well, well! let him take his degree!"

"Time enough, papa!" said Henri, with a yawn.

"Next year you will give me a crammer."

"To what purpose?" asked I.

"Everybody takes tutors," said Jenny, shrugging her shoulders. "Look at the son of Mr. Petit, the banker. He knew nothing. He was an idiot. In three months a man of skill crammed him with a whole encyclopedia, and he astonished his examiners."

"And three months after he was as ignorant as at first."

"What matter!" said Jenny; "he was a bachelor. It is a name that leads to everything."

"Then take your degree of bachelor, my son, and don't wait till next year. I mean that at seventeen you should have a profession."

"He has still to go through his course of law," said my wife.

"Oh, yes; that means three years for parading in the

Bois de Boulogne and elsewhere. Three years, the best years of life, thrown away in indolence or shameful pleasures. I won't have it so. Let Henri first have a profession, and then let him take his course of law in earnest. Speak, my son; what profession do you choose?"

"Whatever you please, papa," said he, throwing himself in his mother's arms. Jenny smiled upon him as if to say: "Have patience, boy! your father is crazy!"

"What! you have no taste, no inclination?" I asked Henri.

"No, papa; it is your business. Let me but stay in Paris, have a horse to ride, amuse myself with my friends; it is all the same to me."

"Dear child," said Jenny, smoothing his hair, "how he loves us!"

"Amuse yourself!" cried I; "who has given you these principles? My boy, we are not in the world to amuse ourselves. Labor is the order of God, the curb of our passions, the pride and pleasure of life. In America there is no man of your age who is not already doing for himself, who has not already the feeling of his duty and his dignity."

"Daniel," said Jenny, with visible impatience, "why torment this child, who desires nothing but to do your bidding? Wait a little. He will do like the rest of the world."

"Which means that he will do nothing!"

"He will have a place."

"That is what I said," replied I, indignant at the mother's weakness. "A place! That is the word. My son will be a clerk."

"Everybody is so now," said my wife; "show me a son of any respectable family who does anything else. Why affect singularity?"

The poor doctor is driven to desperation by this ever-recurring "everybody"—*tout le monde*. He raves: "In spite of your prejudices and your despair, I will compel my daughter to make a marriage of inclination. I will force my son to choose a profession to his taste, and an independent career. I will show you I am master in my own house!"

"He is mad!" said my wife bursting into tears and throwing herself into the arms of Henri, who began to cry too.

At this moment the door opens, and enter Dr. Olybrius, the mad doctor!

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

I have taken up so much space in giving you a specimen of a witty Frenchman's satire on the customs of his own country, that I have but little space for my budget of matters on this side of the channel, which, however, is fortunately not very large this week.

The High Church is making progress in a certain sense. The visitor to All Saints', Margaret Street, now finds a freshly-posted notice to the effect that "there will be one of the clergy in the vestry on every Wednesday afternoon from two to four, and every Friday evening from seven to nine, willing to minister to any who, being unable to quiet their own conscience, may wish to 'open their grief to God's minister, and receive the benefit of absolution together with ghostly counsel and advice,' before receiving the sacrament of Christ's most blessed body and blood. Of course the clergy can be seen at other times by those who are unable to come at any of the above-mentioned hours, if only they will signify their desire to the priest whom they wish especially to consult, or are in the habit of seeing."

The Paris correspondent of the London *Herald* gives a list of the proscribed foreign papers in France. He says:

"The employees of M. de Lavalette were very busy yesterday. Here is the list of the papers they laid under embargo: The New York *Herald* of February 16, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the *Spectator*, the *Court Journal*, the *Examiner*, the *Algemeen Handelsblad*, and the *Bund* of Berne. For a wonder, the *Saturday Review* was not seized. I wonder whether there is any truth in the rumor that the employees of the press bureau are given the seized papers as perquisites (to be sold at the grocers' at so much per pound), by way of supplementing the scanty salary they receive for their unsavory work."

Anthony Trollope is said to be writing a "History of Fiction."

Stephens, the Fenian leader, is beginning to move John Bull to a certain grim admiration for the skill with which he eludes the detectives, who have now for some weeks been devoting themselves unweariedly to the pursuit of him. The *Times* to-day confesses to a touch of sympathy, such as it would have for a fox which had proved too cunning for a dozen packs of hounds. It suggests to Stephens, wherever he may be hiding, to keep a diary, and intimates that it will one day pay him well to do so!

We are told of a Fenian emissary, or working B, in the county of Cork, haranguing the peasantry and treating them to an alleged prediction of Columbkille, better known to English readers as St. Columba (sixth century). This sets forth that in the time of the "great fight," or Irish Armageddon, the Protestant landlords, *eo nomine* are to have the best of it on the first day, much as the Mohammedan *Dajjal* or anti-Christ has the best of it when he first makes his appearance. On the second day

* The book to which our correspondent refers is not new to the American public. It is the very same that was published by Charles Scribner, of this city, in 1863, under the title of "Paris in America," by M. Edouard Laboulaye, and translated into English by Miss Mary L. Booth. The long extract from the book which "M. D. C." has been at pains to translate may be found on page 340 of the American edition.

course, the true believers of Erin turn the tables on their oppressors and make short work with them.

Dr. Charles Mackay is now in London writing up President Johnson in the *Times*.

An important article on American opinion of Europe will, I have "reason to believe," appear in the next "Westminster Review."

The *Saturday Review* has a very severe notice of President Johnson's speech on account of its coarseness, and says with reference to one part: "It is but cheap heroism to profess indifference to imaginary danger."

The publication of Herbert Spencer's "Philosophy" will be resumed by subscription.

Carlyle gives his inaugural at Edinburgh on the 4th of April. M. D. C.

BOSTON.

Boston, March 24, 1866.

It is somewhat singular that Mr. Bartlett should not have found a warrant for inserting Whittier among the authors of his "Familiar Quotations." It is not that this compiler has failed to do his duty, but that Whittier, despite his genuine fervor and spontaneous lyrical impulse, has not produced anything among much that is so good to stick in the popular memory, like "household talk and phrases of the hearth." The philosophy of quotation is one not easily reducible to rule, since extraneous circumstances of fashion or otherwise are often more powerful than fitness itself. The same collection gives no intimation of Chaucer's existence, doubtless in part owing to the antiquity of his language; but if we may believe Mr. Marsh, he is only surpassed by Shakespeare in the number of his pithy and striking sentences; and that a language hardly more foreign to the common eye than Burns's should have wholly excluded such sentences from currency, is hardly a sufficient answer.

Why Mr. Whittier has failed of this intellectual currency it is not easy to say, and with us particularly, since he is not unjustly reckoned the most American of all our poets. His sympathies are all of the common level, and when we find in his verse such accentuations as *romance* and *allies*, such pronunciations as come of rhyming "let" and "sit," and "law" with "war" and "for," and (in his "Snow-Bound") "hearth" and "mirth," with the Hibernicism of "trade" and "head," we feel that there is no artifice of polite conventionalism (to give it no stronger difference) to shield his muse from common difficulties. There is indeed little of archaism in his language, and I do not remember a more marked instance than occurs in this last volume, in the description of the aunt—

"Whose presence seemed the sweet income
And womanly atmosphere of home,"

where the sense and accent of the italicized word are both obsolete.

In the list that Mr. Marsh gives of his etymological survey of some of the chief modern poets, he finds that Bryant and Mrs. Browning in particular poems (respectively their "Death of the Flowers" and "Cry of the Children") have attained the nearest to the standard of the English Bible and Shakespeare in this respect of any since their day—namely, 92 per cent. of Saxon words in each case. I have been over "Maud Müller," and I find in that 91 per cent., and there are eight consecutive couplets in it with but two Romance words in them. This is a percentage not reached by any other of the list Mr. Marsh gives. He finds in a portion (20 sections) of "In Memoriam" only 89 per cent., and in the "Lotus Eaters" 87 per cent. This last is just the proportion he finds in Longfellow's "Miles Standish." I thought this last poem, perhaps, not a fair test of Longfellow's habit, because its metre requires such a preponderance of short syllables, leading to the use of long words, which are most likely to be Romance in their origin; but on examining "The Psalm of Life" I find just the percentage preserved; and in this, out of the 28 words not of Gothic origin, I find 19 have trochaic endings—a fact that Bayard Taylor should bear in mind if he intends translating "Faust," as is announced, into the metre of the original, since the abundance of short final syllables in the German (used freely in that poem) have no proportionate equivalent in English, or is only approached by such a preponderance of Romance words, or recurrent participial forms, as must necessarily weaken the style. Mr. Brooks attempted this very thing in his version (making some slips from conformation, however), and, good as it is, no scholar can but perceive he labored under a disadvantage in these self-imposed trammels that weakened the whole thing. There are other considerations that it is to be hoped Mr. Taylor will not neglect, and chief among them the greater preponderance of many-syllabled words in the German, which, to match their

metre, line by line, will compel the use of intercalary words.

It has been held that, notwithstanding the large increase of the foreign element in our language within a few generations, our best writers of the present day use proportionately more Saxon words than the corresponding class did in the last century. Mr. Marsh's chronological list seems to sustain this view and another state of the case also, which marks how the character of thoughts will incline to one use or the other. This is seen in Milton. His lively, cheerful "L'Allegro," for instance, gives 90 per cent. Saxon, while the saddening "Il Penseroso" sinks to 83 per cent., and the modulated utterance of "Paradise Lost" falls still further to 80 per cent., a ratio on the level of Pope, much as he is supposed to have been under a Romance influence. We are not surprised that the sesquipedalian Johnson falls ("Dictionary" preface) to 76 per cent., or that Junius (the lowest marked) is down at 72 per cent., while the antithetical Macaulay and the rotund Everett are down at 75 and 76 respectively.

To mark how with Whittier himself a difference of tone determines this use I have examined what, perhaps, is the most vigorous passage in "Snow-Bound"—that descriptive of the guest at the fireside of the wintry hearth, whom he describes in such a way as leads one to suspect she is the same who figures as "my playmate" in the "Home Ballads," where he

"Who fed her father's kine"

says of her:

"She lives where all the golden year
Her summer roses blow;
The dusky children of the sun
Before her come and go."

The sketch in the later poem is certainly well-drawn and vigorously put; not an unfit pendant to Mr. Trowbridge's Christina in his recent novel—a passionate nature, self-centered, destined to face the world, but now

"Rebuking with her cultured phrase
Our lowliness of words and ways."

Here is the very point in a couplet—here the Romance correspondence to the sense in the italicized words of the first line make the best antithesis to the genuine Saxon of the second! In this delineation Whittier drops from the 91 per cent., which we have seen in "Maud Müller," to 81 per cent. The whole passage contains sixty-two lines; but within it are two paragraphs fit to be opposed for the marked difference in their etymologies. I italicize the words not of Gothic alliance in both cases. We have in the first just that preponderance of the foreign element that only comes in with treatment of intellectual functions and passionate tendencies:

"Her tapering hand and rounded wrist
Had facile power to form a fist;
The warm, dark languish of her eyes
Was never safe from wrath's surprise.
Brows saintly calm and lips devout
Knew every change of scowl and pout;
And the sweet voice had notes more high
And shrill for social battle-cry."

Contrast this with a passage where we have the functions of the will and the heart:

"Her tireless feet have held their way,
And still unrestful, bowed and gray,
She watches under Eastern skies,
With hope each day renewed and fresh,
The Lord's quick coming in the flesh,
Whereof she dreams and prophesies!"

The moment the intellect is brought into action comes in the Latin word! It is the same characteristic of our version of the Lord's Prayer, where, out of sixty-six words, three, or at most five, are not Saxon. Coleridge has remarked it of Wordsworth that just in proportion as he advances into profound passion and thought he increases the use of these "dictionary words," as the vulgar call them. Ruskin in his ordinary treatment of a subject, with his fine discriminations, falls as low ordinarily as 75 or 80 per cent., but he has passages of more direct and simple meaning where he will rise as high as 99 per cent., and perhaps to the utter exclusion of a foreign etymology. He remarks himself, in his recent lectures, of this complementary sort of English, that it is a fatal power of equivocation given us, whereby we can give Greek and Latin forms for a word when we want it to be respectable, and Saxon or otherwise common forms when we want to discredit it. All the world remembers those corresponding passages in Johnson's letters of his Hebridean tour and his published account, where "the dirty fellow bouncing out of the bed on which one of us was to lie" was Johnsonised into "out of one of the beds on which we were to repose started up at our entrance a man black as a cyclops from the forge." It has been remarked in London that east of Regent Street one always sees "lodgings" advertised in the windows, but west of it "apartments," and I suppose the author of the "Me-

moir of Noah Webster," as prefixed to the last edition of his "Dictionary," thought it would never do for the great lexicographer to have found a "book-shop" in London, but only, as he puts it, "a bookselling establishment." One had hoped this kind of thing was restricted to the penny-a-liners.

I have wandered somewhat from Mr. Whittier's last volume, which is immediately the subject of these remarks. Twenty years ago he wrote:

"And knowing how my life hath been
A weary work of tongue and pen,
A long, harsh strife with self-willed men,
Thou wilt not chide my turning
To con at times an idle rhyme,
To pluck a flower from childhood's clime,
Or listen at life's noontide chime
For the sweet bells of morning!"

The noontide with the Quaker poet is passed, but in "life's late afternoon," as he describes it now, the old passion remains, as the present poem shows. There is no trace of that ardent party fervor which, twenty years ago, used to flower in his rhymes till they read like versified harangues of the elections, except, perhaps, in his ideal of freedom's young apostle,

"Who, following in war's bloody trail,
Shall every lingering wrong assail,"

where he unmistakably puts himself, as was to be expected, on the side of the radicals. It is not a little singular that Whittier, descendant as he is of a sect that the Puritans so deadly persecuted, and himself buttoning the same coat to keep his passions confined, should be classed among the extremes of that Puritanic influence to-day. It seems to be the common hatred of slavery that binds the two. He says in one of his other poems:

"Honor and praise to the Puritan,
Who the halting step of his age outran;
And seeing the infinite worth of man
In the priceless gift the Father gave,
Dared not brand his brother a slave."

But Whittier's later volumes have shown that politics have lost much of their perturbing effect upon his thoughts; he is still the same in principle, but the tone is subdued, broadened, time-abiding, as it was not before. Except in the brief passage referred to, there is nothing of it in "Snow-Bound" to distract the most jealous of such annoying associations. The wintry accompaniments of the old farm, the circle about the "clean-winged hearth," with all the memories of face and heart, the lookout from the window, with its waste of snow—the landscape still touched, as has been said characteristically of him, in its expression more than its features, like the best of portraits—are all given in a communion of universal fellowship, racy as the life it depicts and to be understood of all. There is not a little of personal association in it that chimes with other utterances in times gone by. He addresses his brother as the only one with himself left of that family circle, and in the characterization of "our youngest and our dearest," gone before, but "with me one little year ago," there seems to be a parallel of feeling with the dedicatory verses of "Home Ballads," published in 1860, if not a connection in some way with the subject of "A Lament," which first appeared in his volume of 1850.

There is not often in Whittier a crowded utterance, wherein the almost possible is jammed together, else we should have found him in Mr. Bartlett's catalogue. His swing is too lyrical for sententiousness; but, in reading over some of his past poems, I have marked one instance of this concentrating power, which is of the nature of Shakespeare's improvement on other men's thoughts, when he appropriated them. Somebody (I do not remember who) has called the present life "the conflux of two eternities." Marcus Aurelius puts it "between two infinities." Tom Moore must figure it a little, and it comes with him to

"This narrow isthmus 'twixt two boundless seas,
The past, the future, two eternities."

The thought is grand unadorned, but it is Whittier who greatness even its grandeur:

"A centered self which feels and is
A cry between the silences!"

W.

THE COPYRIGHT LAW.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: Although, in common with all who write the English language with a view to pecuniary profit, I should feel duly grateful for any measure of protection legally afforded to literary proprietorship, yet it appears to me that the copyright bill suggested in your issue of March 17th fails to secure to our guild the full benefit that should accrue from such an enactment.

In the first place, it contemplates not an "international" copyright, but a mere revision of existing

American laws on the subject. Again, by its provision that the title of the "book, map, chart, etc.," shall "be deposited in the clerk's office of the district court, as provided by this act, simultaneously with the issue of the said book, map, chart, etc., in the country of which its said author is a citizen or subject," it compels the foreign writer who may wish to enjoy its privileges to take a step which would be always inconvenient, and in many instances quite impracticable, while, by the same clause, it does away with one of the chief objects proposed—the advancement of the profession of letters in America—by still leaving our publishers at liberty to reprint anything from a book to a magazine article which shall not have been specifically copyrighted in this country. Lastly, it makes no distinction between English publications and those in other languages.

The first and second of these objections may be considered together. As far as this country is concerned, scarcely any modifications of the present act are required; for, unless I am greatly mistaken, a book written in England may be copyrighted here, and *vice versa*, with but little more, if as much, trouble as would be caused by the operation of the proposed enactment. In either case an agent must be employed, and while now some trivial alteration is alone needed, the required *simultaneity* of deposit here and issue abroad, insisted upon in the new bill, would be likely to give rise to vexatious quibbles in every case of alleged infringement of copyright. In fact, the operation of the law would be practically annulled unless (as is the case already in some instances) every publishing firm in each country should establish a "branch" in the other.

As regards works written in other languages, a moment's reflection will convince any one that the interests of society demand legislative provisions different from those that apply to our own tongue. The stipulated year beyond which legal protection is to cease might with propriety be enforced in connection with the right of translation; because, if a book be of interest or value to all people, and yet inaccessible to many on account of the tongue in which it is written, its author or publisher should not be allowed to act the "dog in the manger" by preventing others from translating what he is unwilling himself to translate. Besides, the translator honestly performs a certain labor involving no mean amount of literary skill;

and his industry, especially in the department of science, has done much for the world's advancement. Let us, therefore, by all means fix a period of copyright, giving the writer of an unknown language reasonable time to procure the republication of his work in English (without, however, prescribing the preparatory deposit of the title here), warning him that after the expiration of that period his right of translation shall cease. But this reasoning cannot be applied to the copyright in America of English works. No American would be injured by the indefinite extension of the British proprietorship as long as the market here was supplied with copies of the British edition, and I can see no good reason why a neglect to deposit in one of our district courts the title of an English work at the moment of its issue abroad should place its author or original purchaser at the mercy of any cis-Atlantic purloiner who may wish to benefit by a success assured at the first publisher's risk. We all know that it takes at least a year to ascertain whether books of a certain class will prove successful or not, and to open the field for speculation at the very time when the value of the property is discovered, is a proceeding rather in favor of the thief than of the owner. If the American publisher were forced to reproduce an English book within a month from its first appearance or not at all, there would be fewer reprints than at present, except of books whose authors' fame insured a rapid sale.

Allow me here, *par parenthèse*, to criticize a phrase used in your editorial comment on this subject. You say:

"If he [the foreign author] does not within this time choose to risk the republication, he ought not after the book has for a year been the property of the public to come in and prevent its republication by other persons."

Now, I should like to ask by what imaginable theory the production of an author's brain becomes "the property of the public," provided that it be presented in a form intelligible to that public, and that enough copies be issued to supply the popular demand? In the case of works whose contents can only be reached through the medium of translation I have already admitted a partial exception, and I am also willing to concede that if the author of a book of real importance to mankind should take advantage of even local copyright to prevent the issue of an adequate number of copies, he

ought to be deprived of his privileges; but, omitting these instances, I can conceive none other in which the right of ownership lapses in consequence of the increased value of the property.

What we want is a pure and simple "international" agreement, whereby a foreign copyright shall extend its validity to this country, and an American copyright be respected abroad, with certain restrictions concerning the time within which right of translation may be reserved. That such a proposal would be accepted by foreign governments is doubly probable from the fact that reciprocal copyright enactments do exist between England and the continental powers, and that, moreover, the "balance of exchange" in literary matters is now decidedly against them and in favor of America.

If any alterations are to be made in our laws, I would suggest that copyright be restricted in the case of any valuable work which may have fallen out of print, giving the holders of the copyright the option of reissuing it, and if he decline to do so, vacating his rights and vesting them in whosoever is willing to fill the vacancy thus created. In this way the interests of authors and of the public would be equally regarded.

I may, at some future time, have further hints to offer on this subject; as it is, I have only to subscribe myself your obedient servant,

ALFRED L. CARROLL.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- JOHN WILEY & SON, New York.—Unto this Last: Four Essays on the First Principles of Political Economy. By John Ruskin. 1866. Pp. 133.
HARPER & BROS., New York.—Narrative of an Expedition to the Zambesi and its tributaries. By David and Charles Livingstone. 1866. Pp. 638.
History of Friedrich the Second, called Frederick the Great. By Thomas Carlyle. In six volumes. Vol. VI. 1866. Pp. 608.
Maxwell Drewitt: A Novel. By F. G. Trafford. 1866. Pp. 167.
AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY, New York.—The Grahames. By Mrs. Trafford Whitehead. 1866. Pp. 382.
The Cecilians: or, the Force of Circumstances. By Anne Argyll. 1866. Pp. 177.
JOHN MURPHY & CO., Baltimore.—The Apostleship of Prayer. By Rev. H. Ramière, of the Society of Jesus. 1866. Pp. 393.
ALEXANDER STRAHAN, New York.—God's Glory in the Heavens. By William Leitch, D.D. 1866. Pp. 360.
R. W. CARROLL & CO., Cincinnati.—Poems in Sunshine and Firelight. By John James Platt. 1866. Pp. 127.
S. R. GRAY, Albany, N. Y.—Historic Records of the Fifth New York Cavalry, First Ira Harris Guard. By Rev. Louis N. Boudrye, chaplain of the regiment. 1865. Pp. 385.
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OF THE

MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.

OF NEW YORK.

FOR THE YEAR ENDING JANUARY 31, 1866.

FREDERICK S. WINSTON, PRESIDENT.

OFFICE, 44 and 146 BROADWAY,
Cor. of Liberty Street.

Cash Assets, Feb. 1, 1866, \$14,885,278 88

Number of Policies issued in 1865, 8,600, insuring.....	\$31,394,407 00
In Force February 1, 1866, 25,797 Policies, insuring.....	\$3,413,933 00
Dividend Addition to same.....	7,830,925 92
	\$91,244,858 92

STATEMENT FOR YEAR.

JANUARY 31, 1866.

The Net Assets Feb. 1, 1865.....\$11,799,414 68

RECEIPTS DURING THE YEAR.

For premiums and policy fees:	
Original on new policies.....	\$1,154,066 94
Renewals.....	1,818,654 82
War extras and annuities, 15,428 64—	\$2,988,150 40
Interest:	
On bonds and mortgages, 361,752 88	
U. S. Stocks.....	352,329 52
Premium on gold.....	94,999 66—
Rent.....	55,833 34—
	\$3,853,065 80
Total.....	\$15,652,480 48

Disbursements as follows:

Paid claims by death and additions to same.....	\$712,823 71
Paid matured Endowment Policies and additions.....	20,999 52
Paid post-mortem Dividends, Dividends surrendered, and reduction of Premium.....	58,730 87
Paid surrendered Policies.....	190,691 40
Paid annuities.....	10,242 55
Paid Taxes.....	38,076 52
Paid Expenses, including Exchange, Postage, Advertising, Medical Examinations, Salaries, Printing, Stationery, and sundry office expenses.....	174,310 94
Paid Commissions, and for purchase of Commissions accruing on future premiums.....	334,235 12—
	\$1,540,130 63

Net Cash Assets, Jan. 31, 1866.....\$14,112,349 85

Invested as follows:

Cash on hand and in Bank.....	\$1,475,899 82
Bonds and Mortgages.....	7,348,622 20
U. S. Stocks (cost).....	4,468,921 25
Real Estate.....	782,307 34
Balance due by Agents.....	36,599 14—
	\$14,112,349 85

Add:	
Interest accrued but not due.....	\$112,000 00
Interest due and unpaid.....	5,084 73
Deferred Premiums and Premiums due, but not yet received.....	655,844 30—
	772,929 03

Gross Assets, Jan. 31, 1866.....\$14,885,278 88

Increase in Net Cash Assets for the Year.....\$2,312,935 17

THE GROSS ASSETS OF THE COMPANY ARE THUS APPROPRIATED:

Reserve to reinsure outstanding policies, including dividend additions to same.....	\$11,503,996 03
Claims ascertained and unpaid (not due).....	122,750 00
Dividend additions to same.....	23,497 64
Post-mortem dividends (uncalled for).....	29,931 73
Premiums paid in advance.....	11,065 48
Undivided surplus (excluding a margin on the above Reserves of over \$1,000,000).....	218,649 42
Dividend of 1866.....	\$2,975,388 58
Gross Assets, Feb. 1, 1866, as above.....	\$14,885,278 88

N. B.—The reserve to reinsure outstanding policies and additions (\$11,503,996 03), as above, includes a margin of \$1,000,000 over and above the net values, at four per cent. interest, so that the total undivided surplus exceeds \$1,200,000.

This company is PURELY MUTUAL, all surplus belonging exclusively to the assured.

Its Cash Assets are.....\$14,885,278 88

Invested in Bonds and Mortgages in the State of New York, worth double the amount loaned; Office Real Estate; Bonds of the State of New York; U. S. Stock.

No PREMIUM NOTES or Personal Securities are taken or held.

Dividends are declared annually, and may be used as cash in payment of premium, or to increase the amount of insurance.

Policies issued so that the premiums paid will purchase a fixed amount of insurance, non-forfeitable, without further payment of premium.

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ETNA INSURANCE COMPANY.

INCORPORATED 1819.

PAID UP CAPITAL.....	\$2,350,000 00
ASSETS, JAN. 1, 1866.....	4,067,435 80
LIABILITIES.....	244,391 43

LOSSES PAID IN 45 YEARS, \$17,485,894 71.

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SURPLUS, JAN. 1, 1865.....	270,000

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CASH CAPITAL.....	\$500,000 00
SURPLUS, Jan. 1, 1866.....	205,989 83
TOTAL ASSETS.....	\$705,989 83

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Knickerbocker Life Insurance Co.

ASSETS.....	\$1,000,000 00
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